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The Pacific.

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The Work of the A. B. C. F. M. on this Pacific Slope, and Related Matters.

THE PROSPEROUS BEGINNING.

BY REV. S. H. WILLEY, D.D.

The summer of 1837 found the work of this far-away mission well started. Those two heroic women, Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spaulding, had made the journey across the Rocky mountains. It had been said, and believed, that women could not cross these mountains. But these young women were brave enough to make the journey their bridal trip. They made light of its difficulties, and showed that pluck and perseverance alone were needed to overcome them. This was a demonstration of far greater importance than they had any idea of. Where they had led the way, others, in after years, saw that they could follow, and they did follow, in long emigrating trains; not only women, but children, with men; and so this great Northwest was populated.

In these new missions to the uncivilized Nez Perces and Cayuses, the first great power for good was the Christian home. The missionaries could not, at once, talk much with the Indians in their strange language, nor had they books in which to teach them in the beginning. But the Christian home they could see. Its domestic order, its cleanliness, its order, its industry, its peace, its courtesies, its religion, its worship, its Sabbath-keeping, and so forth, all constituted an object-lesson, which was seen by many observing eyes, and was not long in beginning to be imitated.

To have got these missions under way so soon was an example of dispatch, as well as of broad and far-seeing Christian enterprise in the work of the American Board. It was but little more than two years from the time of Mr. Parker's starting on his exploration tour!

But this spirit of Christian enterprise at home is more than matched by that which we see in the missions themselves.

The bravery needed to cross the Rocky mountains was little compared with that required in planting the Christian home in the midst of these roving, uncivilized tribes.

Doctor and Mrs. Whitman and Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding took their stations some one hundred and twenty-five miles apart. They were entirely dependent for their safety on a strange people, of a strange language, of whose ideas and prejudices they knew little. They were hundreds of miles from the fortified posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. And even that company had no force or authority to give protection beyond their own forts.

The country had no government, whatever. No military force of any kind was within call to preserve order or afford protection. The country was only "occupied," as far as whites and half-breeds were concerned, and they were British hunters and trappers. In the midst of this wild region, these two families began their missions.

They seem to feel entirely safe, however, and go about their unselfish work with the enthusiasm of youth. They begin by trying to learn the people—their habits and language—and to teach them civilization and religion as fast as they can. They have to practice self-support, and so teach it to the Indians by example. They build such houses as they can, and, with Indian help, train teams for work, breaking in steers and colts, and with them plowing fields, planting and sowing them with vegetables and grain—all the while keeping up daily instruction, and giving the Sabbath to worship and to rest. The number of people to whom they were getting access in the Cayuse and Nez Perce tribes we do not accurately know, but Mr. Parker estimated the number of Nez Perces at 2,500 and the Cayuses at 2,000.

Missions, with these tribes, they hoped to make religious centers, and then work outward to others. They had in view the entire Indian population, which was estimated by Mr. Parker, aided by the Hudson's Bay Company's people, at nearly fifty thousand.

Soon we find the virgin soil producing abundantly, and the virgin interest of the Indian people showing itself in full schools and places of worship, and a disposition to settle and live by the industries of civilized life. The first eagerness for instruction is seen in the crowds, sometimes hundreds, following Mr. Spaulding and Dr. Whitman when they traveled, to be taught by them at night and during resting-times. At the same time from eighty to a hundred families began to plant fields around Mr. Spaulding's station, and about as many in the vicinity of Dr. Whitman's. Things looked so well that year, and the general work of the mission appeared so promising, that Mr. Gray was sent East to ask for more helpers to come immediately. Immediately the Board found the helpers, and fitted them out for their long journey and distant work. On the 18th of March, 1838, according to the *Missionary Herald* of that date, six young people, Rev. E. Walker and wife, Rev. E. B. Smith and wife, and received their "instructions," and made ready to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Gray

on their return to Oregon. Their journey was prosperous. They demonstrated anew that women could cross the Rocky mountains. They arrived at Walla Walla early in the autumn of 1838.

In the spring of 1839 they took their new stations. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis and Mr. and Mrs. Walker went up north sixty miles, to the Spokane, near the Spokane river, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith went sixty miles eastward to Kamiah, on the Kootenai river; to establish a new station with the Nez Perces there.

The season opened hopefully at all the stations. The Indians had full confidence in the missionaries, and even those who did not seek their instructions gave them no annoyance. Progress was more rapid than could have been expected, considering the newness of all the missionaries to the work, having first to learn the language of the people, together with many other things about them, before they could really begin to teach, and considering, also, the newness of all the ideas and habits of the Christian and civilized life to these uncivilized people. Large numbers of them adopted the observance of the Sabbath, attendance upon worship, learning what they could of the Ten Commandments and the duties of religion. And they not only learned, but obeyed, and sought at once to change their lives, and at great cost of self-denial made them conform to the rules of right which had been taught them. This may have been, with some, the outworking of a self-righteous spirit, but with many, as it afterward proved, it led to the abiding fruit of a truly renewed life. Fields began to be cultivated around all the stations, houses were built, families began to learn the ways of civilized home life, under the instruction of the lady missionaries. Schools were taught for young and old; the women learned to spin, weave, knit, sew, and such other things as belong to household work; and everything, for the time, looked hopeful for the future. To be sure, all, thus far, was only a beginning, having the attraction of novelty with the Indians; and any permanent reform in the character of the people must be the work of time; and what waves of excitement or purposes of change might come over them could not be foreseen.

From time out of mind they had been a roving people. All their tendencies and traditions were toward that kind of life; and though not much in the habit of going to war among themselves, they were sometimes treacherous and cruel. Their confidence seems to have been easily won by white people, and was as easily transferred from one class of whites to another. They were very superstitious about some things, especially those connected with sickness and medicine. Their medicine men were accorded great honor when they effected cures, but sad was the penalty meted out to them if they failed. This risk even a white medicine man had to run, to a certain extent, for even he could not always cure. And though a failure might not be followed in his case by violence, the superstitious feeling would be against him. 'Twas in this year, 1839, that a present came to the mission—a present from a very unexpected quarter, and a present of the very greatest value to the work. It was a printing press, with type, ink, paper and fixtures, presented by the native Hawaiian church, Honolulu! And, what was more, Mr. Hall, a missionary printer, came along with it, leaving the Islands for awhile for the benefit of Mrs. Hall's health. And so, the native Christians of the older mission of the American Board in the Sandwich Islands, even in their poverty, send this most timely gift to its younger mission here—a gift valued at about five hundred dollars, accompanying it, at the same time, with the promise of support for one missionary here!

The printing-press was soon at work, and a little Nez Perce book came out, the first book printed on this coast, it is believed, north of Mexico. And it kept busy long thereafter, printing school-books, hymn-books and gospels in the native language. I said that the skies were bright over these missions during the year 1839; but there was one cloud in the horizon—a little cloud. Two Roman Catholic priests came from the Canadian provinces, and settled near Dr. Whitman's mission for work among the Cayuses. What followed it will take another article to tell.

W. C. T. U.

As the annual meeting of the State Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which was to have been held the first week in September at Sacramento, conflicts with other large bodies convening at that time, the meeting will be opened at headquarters, 132 McAllister street, San Francisco, on Tuesday, September 1st, at 10 A. M., and adjourned until Tuesday, October 6th, to be held at Petaluma. Each Union will be entitled to be represented by two delegates, and one additional for every fifty members. The afternoon of September 1st will be devoted to a formal opening and dedication of the headquarters, where we shall hope to receive and welcome the friends of temperance. Mrs. H. H. HAVENS, Cor. Sec. State W. C. T. U.

Liverpool Docks and Tunnel.

LONDON, July, 1885.

Most persons, on arrival in England, pass through Liverpool with but a few hours' or a day's detention. There is much to be seen there not found elsewhere in the world. That of special interest is the Liverpool docks, which are, with good reason, the admiration of the people, for they are unequalled in extent, capacity, solidity and beauty by any others in the world. We have inspected them by steamer, passing up and down the Mersey, and from the top of tramways, which run the whole distance along the inside of the docks, or, as in a few instances, on drawbridges, which divide the inner and outer sections of docks, and by carefully examining the large ones. There are, on the Liverpool docks, seventy-five docks, of a water area of 369 acres, and twenty-two graving-docks, with a length of floor of 12,498 feet. The Birkenhead docks and basins on the opposite side of the river, have a water area of 164 acres, and the graving-docks a length of 2,430 feet. The river frontage of the docks extends nearly seven miles; the river wall, running the entire distance, is composed of granite, laid in massive blocks, which will last for centuries. The cost exceeded \$80,000,000, and they are still being extended. The Alexandria docks, where the principal steamers running to America are accommodated, are the most complete. They have a depth of water of thirty feet, and can hold at one time twenty-two steamers, of the greatest length and tonnage, in position so that they can discharge direct upon the quays; the basins have breadth to hold seventy steamers, lying side by side. These docks are situated at the extreme end of the city, three and one-half miles distant, and are directly opposite New Brighton. The river front of these docks has a massive granite promenade, 20 feet wide and 3,000 feet in length, and have a very substantial outer wall, four feet in height, above the promenade. The massive iron and timber gates of these docks are worked by hydraulic power from the central station, so that two persons with ease can open them. The warehouses in connection with the docks are immense stone and brick buildings, one of which, the Waterloo dock, is almost exclusively devoted to the storage of grain from America, and has a storage capacity of 33,000 tons of grain. A large California grain ship can be discharged and grain elevated into the warehouse in two days and three nights.

The new corn warehouse, now approaching completion, is situated opposite the Alexandria docks. It is nine stories high, of immense size, and arranged for storage of grain in bulk, it being constructed without floors. The grain is discharged from ships into movable drapers, which are carried under the streets and docks for three-quarters of a mile, and then extend to the top of the warehouse. The tunnel in which they run is six feet wide, and of sufficient height for a person to pass through it. Along some of the docks are massive cranes, capable of lifting fifty and one hundred tons at one time. The tramways (or omnibuses) run nearly the length of the docks, about five miles, and in a short time will be extended two miles further. Much of the way they run on the railroad tracks, which are inside of the walls and gates of the docks. No other vehicles are allowed to use them. The road is kept in repair by the dock commissioners, and each omnibus pays eighty cents per day for the use of the road along the whole line of docks. Freight cars are run to take freight to the different lines of railroads running out of the city. There is probably a thousand teams hauling merchandise on the street adjoining the docks. They frequently haul loads two, three and four miles. They follow each other in nearly an unbroken line. The horses are magnificent Clydesdales, capable of hauling four to five tons each, and two of them haul ten to twelve tons. On the Alexandria dock is a fine, substantial co-coa house, where 600 laboring men at one time can sit down to a meal, which can be obtained for from twelve to sixteen cents; also a first-class restaurant, where one can obtain the best of meals. No liquors are sold.

THE MERSEY TUNNEL.

Next of interest in Liverpool is the Mersey tunnel. Few engineering works have excited more interest than the tunneling under the bed of the Mersey, now practically completed. It crosses under the river from Liverpool to Birkenhead, a distance of a mile. The tunnel, when fully completed, will be 4½ miles long, extending from the business center of Liverpool to the outskirts of Birkenhead.

The width of the tunnel is 26 feet, and the height 21 feet. The walls are two to three feet thick, and are made of solid brickwork, laid in cement. The depth of water over the tunnel at high tide is 70 feet, and an average depth of rock and clay of 30 feet, making it, with depth of tunnel, 127 feet below water level. It is bored through hard and compact red sandstone. The project was first started in 1866, but little work was accomplished till 1881, when, for two years, work was carried on with pick and shovel. The progress made was about ten yards per week. In 1883 they used the Beaumont

boring machine, which advanced the work at the rate of thirty yards per week. The tunnel is drained by a seven-foot shaft, on each side, of 180 feet in depth. The water is pumped to the surface by pumps having a capacity of 5,000 to 6,000 gallons per minute. But little trouble was experienced from the seepage water of the river, but more from springs on the main land. At the stations, passengers will be raised to the surface by powerful elevators, capable of taking up 240 persons a minute. The tunnel under the river is completed, and a double railway track is being laid. The tunnel under the city is about finished, and work is going forward on the stations, which will be large and expensive. The principal one, on James street, will be 400 feet long by 50 feet wide. The original cost of the tunnel was estimated at \$2,100,000. The work has proved more expensive than was anticipated, and will probably cost, before completion, \$7,000,000. The population of the two places, Liverpool and Birkenhead, is about 1,000,000. The present ferry traffic is estimated at 26,000,000 annually. The tunnel will give Liverpool a short and direct route to the travel and trade of North Wales. The merchants of Liverpool are much elated over the approaching completion of the great enterprise, and the new outlet for trade, which, at this time, is very much depressed.

EAST RIVER TUNNEL.

It is gratifying to know of the success of so great an undertaking, as we, in America, have a similar tunnel being built under the East river, connecting New York with New Jersey, or New York with the trade and travel of the great West and South. I allude to it here that your readers may know what has been accomplished. In talking with Mr. D. C. Haskin, the manager of the company, and through whose perseverance and untiring efforts the present work has been done, I learn that about \$1,100,000 had been expended, when 1,600 feet of the tunnel completed, when work was stopped, in 1883, for want of funds. The money has, so far, been furnished principally by old Californians, a large sum of which was invested by the late President of the company, Mr. Park. The main tunnel under the river will be 5,600 feet in length, the New Jersey approach will be 4,400 feet, and the New York about 4,500 feet, making a total length of over two and one-half miles. The depth of the river over the tunnel is about sixty feet, the top of the tunnel not less than fifteen feet below the bed of the river. The tunnel nearly its whole length would be carried through a bed of silt, which extends from shore to shore. In carrying on the work through the yielding material, compressed air was applied, affording a pressure of twenty-five pounds per square inch, which held back the silt till iron plates could be put in the excavation, then followed by mason work, from 2 to 2½ feet in thickness. The size of the tunnel, as commenced, was 24 feet high and 26 feet wide. Work was commenced in 1874. It is now about one-fourth completed, if we include the works to be built on both shores. Mr. Haskin has great confidence in its ultimate success, and it is hoped that work will be again soon commenced, and carried forward without further delay, till its completion, so that New York can have direct communication with the West without the delay and annoyance of ferriage.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 17, 1885. The President is deep in Adirondack forests, and the office-seeker worries him only in his dream. But the dream of the office-seeker has vanished, as has also the dreamer. Five months ago a sleek, well-dressed host of politicians came down upon Washington. Confidence played in their eyes, and hilarity was painted on their noses; their stentorian voices and loud American laughter could be heard in the hotel lobbies, in hundreds of saloons, and on the streets. Like the poor Indian, they have passed away. They read their doom in the decisive stiff back of the departing President. Unsavory old sinners, whisky-bloated political workers, your services are not needed; you are, indeed, almost as unfit for place in the body politic, as you would be in the church militant.

The President had not left Washington a day before it was discovered, and the sad intelligence sent abroad, that the White House was in Republican hands. The same old clerks and attaches who were there under Grant, Hayes and Arthur, are there still.

The Democratic President disappearing in the woods and leaving the White House to the tender mercies of the Republican clerks is a spectacle that makes the stoutest-hearted office-seeker sick and tired. All the letters directed to the President, even those marked "private" and "personal," must pass through the hands of these clerks, and very few of them, perhaps only about two per cent., will ever be seen by the President.

The pressure for office during the last five months has not been paralleled in the history of the country. It was expected that there would be a complete

change, and applications were multiplied beyond anything that had been known. The hard times had thrown hundreds of men and women out of employment, and hundreds of applicants who had known independence and wealth turned their faces towards Washington. At first, they applied for high office, those commanding good salaries and assuring social position. Despairing of these, they fell to begging for anything, and have finally departed with nothing.

The ups and downs of political life are curious. A few days or months make all the difference in the world. Captain C. E. Henry, who was Marshal of the District under Garfield, and was looked upon as next to the President, is now running his Ohio farm, just where he was twenty years ago, when Garfield first found him and made him a postal clerk. Mr. Henry recently told how the politicians treated him here while Garfield lived. Said he: "They worried me almost to death. I was flooded with invitations to dine. Senators, judges, generals, all were after me, with the men of low degree, urging me to do this and that, and to intercede for them. The moment the crack of Guitesau's pistol resounded, these people did not know me. So far as that was concerned, it was a relief; but it was a terrible comment upon the weakness of humanity."

And so it is with every man who has been near a President; and, in fact, with the Presidents themselves. Here is J. Stanley Brown, who, in 1880, in Mentor, and 1881 in Washington, was the most sought of any man except the President himself. He is now just starting life as a school boy. He has resigned his clerkship to go to college.

About two hundred newspapers come to the White House daily. Under former administrations they were nearly all paid for, the expense often coming to as much as \$3,000 per annum. Colonel Lamont, as soon as he took charge of things, reduced the subscription list nearly seventy-five per cent. But there are just as many papers as ever. The editors seem determined that the President shall read their opinion of him, and if he don't choose to pay for it, they will furnish it free. Colonel Lamont also discharged the exchange clerk, who had been drawing a salary of \$155 per month. The Colonel does the exchange reading himself, and his experience as an editor comes in good play.

An ingenious mode of smuggling was discovered by customs officials at Hull, England, recently. While some supposed heavy beams of timber were being unloaded from a ship by means of a crane, one beam struck the quay with such force as to split it open sufficiently to show that it had been hollowed out and the space filled with tobacco and cigars. A customs officer being on hand at the moment, immediately placed the crew under arrest and seized the cargo.

At the election in Kentucky, August 3d, Judge Fox, the Prohibition candidate for State Treasurer, received about 50,000 votes.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

President, Miss LUCY M. FAY, 1312 Taylor Street, San Francisco.
Treasurer, Mrs. E. E. COLE, 572 Twelfth St., Oakland, Cal.
Mrs. S. S. SMITH, 1704 Geary St., San Francisco, Recording Secretary.
Mrs. H. E. JEWETT, Foreign Secretary and Editor of "Column," Hopkins Academy, Oakland, Cal.
Mrs. J. H. WARREN, 1526 Eddy St., San Francisco, and Mrs. L. E. DWINELL, Pacific Theological Seminary, Oakland, Home Secretaries.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held in the First Congregational church, San Francisco, on Wednesday, September 2d, at 2 P. M. All ladies interested in this work are invited to attend. The Executive Committee will meet at 12:30 P. M., prompt, in the parlors of the church. Will the ladies please notice the time and the little word *prompt*?

Reception to Miss Gunnison.

BY MISS M. BREWER.

By invitation of the Young Ladies' Mission Circle of the First Congregational church, Oakland, members of all mission circles in the vicinity gathered on Friday, August 15th, in the Congregational church parlors, to meet Miss Gunnison, their own new missionary to Japan. The gathering took the form of a missionary meeting. Dr. McLean, after leading in prayer, made an appropriate address. The President introduced Miss Talcott, who welcomed Miss Gunnison to the broad field of Japan, and, in language belonging to a zealous worker for Christ, urged her hearers to greater interest and energy in forwarding missionary work. Miss Clarkson, Miss Berry and Miss Gouldy were severally introduced. Each spoke briefly and fittingly from her experience, of joy and love in mission service, in welcome to the new missionary, and in encouragement to renewed effort on the part of the societies. Then Miss Gunnison stood before the meeting. Our al-

ready beloved representative of the Young Ladies' Mission Circles to Japan gracefully expressed pleasure in seeing those present, and gave an interesting account of the way in which she was led of God, through prayer and faith, to give herself to the great work. Mrs. McLean congratulated the mission circles on their having undertaken Miss Gunnison's support, and after singing and prayer the formal meeting closed. Opportunity was then given the young ladies to greet Miss Gunnison, and to meet the other missionaries present, a privilege embraced and heartily appreciated by all.

Another Account.

As we went home on the boat that other Saturday afternoon, Susy and I both agreed that we never had enjoyed any missionary meeting one-half so much before. There were so many girls there—over one hundred, for we counted them! It was so delightful to feel that they were all interested in the very same things that we were—the Brouess school, the Kioto school, and now our own Miss Gunnison! Why, they had come not only from San Francisco, as over thirty of them did, but from Alameda and Berkeley. Of course, we all saw the large delegation of Bethany gleaners—so proud and yet so sorry, too, in the thought of losing their very own Miss Gunnison. Did you hear their chaplain say she thought the sense of fellowship was the best thing about the meeting, and that she wished the girls could have just such meetings every once in a while? Susy and I think it would be just lovely. Then those dear missionaries! How cordially and lovingly they welcomed our friend to their ranks! How nice it was to have Miss Gouldy tell us just what Miss Gunnison will see as she enters Japan, and travels from one mission station to another! As she told how all would importune her to stay with them, I know many of us felt that others should be going, too. Afterwards I overheard both Kate and Alice of our Society say "they wished they could go." They were even saying so to Mrs. McLean and Mrs. Dwinell. Perhaps their wish may come true. At any rate, I am sure we all made up our minds that a missionary's life is a very happy one, for they all said that they could congratulate Miss Gunnison on her decision, and assure her, from their own experience, that she would never regret it.

Miss Fay Heard From Again.

[An extract from a private letter of Miss Lucy M. Fay will be read with interest.] "Our stay in England has been very delightful, one of the latest pleasures of which has been a flying trip to the North, where we crossed the Scottish border and stayed a short time in beautiful, historic Edinburgh. On our way from London we visited Cambridge, and wonder no longer that her quaint old buildings, her peaceful parks and quadrangles, her treasures of art and literature, are dear to the hearts of those who have studied within her walls. Great names there are also which linger like a halo around her, and which will never become dim; the exquisite details of Ely Cathedral, the grandeur and beauty of Peterborough, with the clear, pure tones of her choir boys echoing among the arches, built by the Normans of centuries ago; the majesty of Yorkminster, into which the sunlight falls, enriched by the rare colors of old stained glass that is priceless in its value; the memories of what has been done for hundreds of years under the shadow of these great temples; the tombs of the illustrious dead, who seemed to be brought near to us as we stood beside them—all these remembrances are associated with our journey northward. Returning, we came to Leamington, and from there drove to the ruins of Kenilworth castle, which Scott has immortalized. We drove also to Stratford-on-Avon, and tried to turn back through the centuries to Shakespeare's time. We saw, through luxuriant foliage, the beautiful and picturesque Warwick castle, which has looked down upon the peaceful Avon at its feet for more than nine hundred years. Additions and restorations have been made, so the place is a splendid residence to-day for the same family whose ancestors hurried defiance from its walls. A wonderfully beautiful bit of scenery in connection with Warwick castle is the ruin of an old bridge which was traversed by all who went from there to London, in days gone by. Luxuriant vegetation and trees of considerable height are growing on the broken arches now, and tall aspens and other trees hang over the quiet stream. The charm of history and romance rests upon it all. London has given us much pleasure, too, as we have traced her great men, gone among the crooked streets and quiet lanes which they frequented years ago. We have enjoyed her architecture, her pleasant parks, her churches, the splendid monuments that abound, the galleries of art, and many historic places of which we have read all our lives. Westminster Abbey stands in my thought like a crown-king amid all this glory. I will not weary you with raptures, but I have to watch my pen lest it run wild when that grand old place looms up before my mind. Next Monday or Tuesday we leave London for Paris."

Literary and Educational

RECEIVED.—The North American Review published a handsome pamphlet of 66 pages, illustrated, giving an account of "The Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World," for the benefit of the Pedestal Fund. It is sold for 75 cents. The August number of *Mind in Nature* closes the first volume of this monthly to psychical studies and information. 117 West Washington street, Chicago.

The *Sideral Messenger*, August, 1885, conducted by Professor Payne of Carlton College, Northfield, Minn. \$2 yearly.—*Vick's Illustrated Monthly*, August. \$1.25. Always attractive and helpful.—"The Relation of Congregational Churches to Their Theological Seminaries," by Rev. F. S. Hatch, Hartford, Conn.—The *Juvenile Book of Knowledge*, monthly. John B. Alden. 25 cents a year.

Stonewall Jackson's Way.

An officer of the Confederate army tells the following story of a council of war in which Stonewall Jackson took part: On the night of the battle of Fredericksburg, when Burnside was trying to get his army back to the Stafford side of the river over the one pontoon bridge that was left, Lee called a council of war. Jackson had been holding a position about three miles down the river from Marye's Heights, where the fiercest fighting had taken place, but had moved his command up closer late in the afternoon. The night was fearfully dark and a drizzling rain had set in. Jackson came into the council, saluted the officers present, and took a seat off in a corner. General Lee stated the purpose for which the council had been called, and asked one of the senior officers for his opinion; and then another, until all had spoken save Stonewall. Lee then turned and asked his opinion, but received no response. All turned to hear what he would say, and there sat Jackson bolt upright in his chair, fast asleep. "Why, bless me," said Lee, "the old fellow is fast asleep," and going to him, he shook his arm and called his name, which awakened him. "General Jackson, will you give us your opinion as to what should be done?" "Gentlemen," he said, "I am sorry that I have not heard all that has been said, but my plan is, if the council will agree to it, to go back to my corps and march it into Fredericksburg at once. The enemy has met with a severe reverse, and it is in all probability demoralized. They have only one bridge over which to escape. One corps is sufficient to do this work—to destroy what remains of that army on the side of the river, and that being done the campaign will be over." "But, General," said Lee, "consider the fact that those men have only the one bridge over which to escape; they will fight desperately." "What if they do? My corps is accustomed to desperate fighting. But the very fact that they have only one avenue to escape, in their demoralized condition, will cause them to make every effort to use the bridge. They will not fight so desperately as you think." "But consider the darkness of the night. Your men will not be able to distinguish their comrades." "I have thought of all that. I will make my men pull their shirt-tails out and march in; they will know one another then." General Lee walked back and forth for some time, deeply engaged in thought. Finally he said: "General Jackson, I cannot agree to your proposition; the slaughter would be horrible, and my conscience cannot approve of it." "My conscience approves of it thoroughly," said Jackson. "War is war; the slaughter to-day has been horrible, and would have been worse had the enemy gained those heights. The enemy is in a trap, and we should take advantage of it. If the tables were turned they would march in on us." "And at this very time," said a Union officer to me last April, "we were getting out of that place as fast as men could be got over one bridge. We were looking every minute for the Confederate troops to rush in upon us; and if they had done so we would have been utterly ruined. Pope's army, when Jackson got behind him, was at a picnic compared to our situation that night." And when I told him of Jackson's plan for enabling his troops to know their comrades, he said: "Fabius Maximus is the only other man who ever lived who would have thought of such a thing, and his soldiers didn't have the materials."

Well-Built Christians.

A well-built Christian is harmonious in all his parts. No one trait shames another. He is not a jumble of inconsistencies, to-day liberal to one cause, to-morrow niggardly toward another; to-day fluent in prayer, and to-morrow fluent in polite falsehoods. He does not keep the fourth commandment on Sunday, and break the eighth on Monday. He does not shirk an honest debt to make a huge donation. He is not in favor of temperance for other folks, and a glass of toddy for himself. He does not exhort or pray at each of the great meetings he attends to make up arrears for the meetings which he neglects. He does not consume his spiritual fuel during revival seasons so that he is as cold as Nova Zembla during all the rest of the time; nor does his spiritual fervor ever outrun his well-ordered conversation. —Dr. Theodore Cuyler.

Paul, by his natural gifts and his culture under Gamaliel, was the peer of any in his time. This enabled him to do a work for his Master that the fishermen of Galilee could not do. Study to make yourself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, yet be willing to sew tent-cloth and gather sticks for a fire when circumstances demand.

Sermon by Rev. N. F. Cobleigh.

NO. III.

[Communion sermon preached at Forest Grove, Or., by Rev. N. F. Cobleigh, June 21, 1885, on the thirty-seventh anniversary of the Oregon and Washington Association, and the fiftieth year since the first missionaries came to this Coast, which we print in three numbers.—Ems. Pacific.]

"What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?" (Matt. viii: 27.)

We now turn to Christ's declarations concerning himself, and we notice, first, that in his public ministry many of his sayings, words and assumptions can only be explained on the supposition that he was God as well as man. In his own name he performed miracles and by his own power. He utters language which, on any other supposition, would be most inappropriate; and had he not told us who he was, his life, words and deeds would have proclaimed unmistakably his deity. But we welcome as most precious and corroborative the precious legacy of direct declaration which he has left us.

In Matt. xvi: 16 Peter utters his confession: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." And Christ affirms that it is true, when he says, "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." He calls himself greater than Solomon. He tells us "that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son." The terms Son of God and Son of man, as applied to Christ, have a meaning which is unique. In an unqualified sense, they are applied to Christ. Christians may, in a certain sense, be called the sons of God, but only in its full sense can Christ be so called. Jesus, as he talks with the woman at the well, says in reply to the statement which she makes (John iv: 25, 26), "I know that Messiah cometh, which is called Christ; when he is come he will tell us all things." Jesus saith unto her, "I, that speak unto thee, am he." His enemies, blind as they were, saw that he made himself equal with God. John says in the fifth chapter, "Therefore the Jews sought the more to kill him, because he had not only broken the Sabbath, but said also that God was his Father, making himself equal with God." Christ, in reply to them, said (John v: 22, 23): "For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son, that all men should honor the Son even as they honor the Father." Jesus calls himself the bread of life, also the resurrection and the life, the light of the world. To the incredulous Jews he said: "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day; and he saw it and was glad. Before Abraham was I am." In another place he says: "I and my Father are one." In that prayer uttered after the last supper, just before the betrayal and arrest, he utters words which only the Son of God could use (John xiv: 5): "Philip saith unto him, Lord, show me the Father, and I am satisfied. Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou, then, Show us the Father? Believe me that I am in the Father and the Father in me; or else believe me for the very works' sake." At the trial of Jesus, after laboring in vain to convict him of crime, Caraphas, the High Priest, asked this plain question: "Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed? And Jesus said, I am; and ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven. Then the High Priest rent his clothes, and said, What need we any further witnesses? Ye have heard the blasphemy; what think ye? And they all condemned him to be guilty of death." There was no chance to misunderstand the question, and equally direct and explicit is the reply.

Hear the Son of God as he gives the marching orders to the Christian band on the mountain in Galilee, and the reason for it in the words, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world."

What manner of man Christ is, the Christian world has been testing during these eighteen centuries. Great and glorious as Christ is in the Bible, he is more glorious in the hearts and lives of believers. He satisfies the wants of the philosopher, and seems to be just the one who is adopted to their needs; and to the poorest, and weakest, and most ignorant; he is just the Saviour they require. He fits every age and clime. His manliness challenges our admiration. His love draws us toward him. He is greater than all creeds. He is the sinner's friend. What manner of man is this whom the ages have been trying to describe, and yet have not begun to exhaust the subject.

This world has not been lacking in great leaders, but toward none of them does it turn with such enthusiasm as toward the Son of God. Eighteen centuries have passed by since he left the disciples at Bethany, but there has never been an age when there were so many thinking and talking and writing about Christ as now; never a time when so many loved him. If you want to know what Christians everywhere think of Christ, turn to the hymns which the Christian world loves most to sing, for in these hymns we find what the heart feels as well as what the intellect apprehends. The sinner saved by Christ can say:

"I came to Jesus, and I found
In him my life, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till traveling days are done."

In the latter part of the eighteenth century Droz invented a clock that excelled all others in ingenuity. Upon it sat a Negro, a shepherd and a dog. When the clock struck, the Negro played six times upon his flute, and the dog approached and caressed him. This the inventor exhibited to the king of Spain, who was greatly pleased with it. "The gentleness of my dog," said Droz, "is his least merit. If your majesty touch one of the apples which you see in the shepherd's basket you will admire the dog's fidelity." The king took an apple, and the dog flew at his hand, barking so loudly that the king's dog, which was in the same room, barked also.

The largest clock ever known is that in the cathedral at Strasburg. It is 100 feet long, 80 feet wide, and 14 feet deep, and has been in use for 300 years.

How many can utter as their own the words—

"My song shall be of Jesus
While pressing on my way
To reach the blissful region
Of pure and perfect day.
And when my soul shall enter
The gate of Eden fair
A song of praise to Jesus
I'll sing forever there."

Many can sing as did P. P. Bliss—

"My highest place is lying low
At my Redeemer's feet;
No real joy in life I know
But in his service sweet."

The sainted Alfred Cookman, when dying, uttered this sentiment, now embalmed in song—
"In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Washed from every stain I am;
Robed in whiteness, clad in brightness,
I am sweeping through the gates."

What manner of man is this who walks upon the troubled sea of life, bidding the angry waves of human passion subside, planting in the heart the beginnings of a new life; who enters our homes to bring an atmosphere more balmy than the breath of spring; who makes even sorrow minister to our needs; who solves problems which society has sought in vain to master? He comes into the prayer-meeting, and every heart seems fired with a new zeal; and the brother who thought he could not speak, pours forth words which edify and evoke like sentiments from others who could not testify before; and sisters who had theories against taking part, praise God with heart and voice; and the old man speaks with the fire of youth, pouring forth rich treasures which only the experience of many years could give, while sinners catch the spirit of the meeting and tell of their new desires, and even the censorious brother speaks only words of comfort, for Jesus has come up to the feast.

He enters the pastors study while the servant of God is preparing his sermon. The thought of Christ is now uppermost. His study may be made of rough boards, but as he writes his eyes catch views of Olivet and Bethany; he forgets his study as he visits the holy land, as he walks by the clear lake of Galilee with one whom apostles loved. He sees the disciples in the ship while they catch views of the Master on the shore. He journeys with the throng from Jericho, and hears the blind man crying, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me!" He visits the holy city while tumult and confusion characterize the crowd, who cry, "Crucify him! crucify him!" He looks upon Christ dying on the cross; he sees him rise triumphant o'er the dead. The thought of Christ permeates his sermon. A tenderness and sympathy beyond what he has ever felt before is his. The Sabbath day comes. Jesus is in the heart of his servant, and every one feels that God's house is the gate of heaven to their souls. They sing with unwonted earnestness:

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fears."

Jesus comes into the sick-room. He stands beside the sick and dying, amid weeping friends, and their hearts are comforted while they weep, and waves of sorrow, more to be dreaded than those of tempest-tossed Galilee, bear a voice saying, "Peace; be still," while to the sorrowing ones he shows a picture of a future reunion on the banks of the river of life amid immortal flowers. What manner of man is this who goes with his disciples wherever they go to toil in his vineyard, whether it be to the heart of Africa or the jungles of India, or among the millions of China, or "where every prospect please and only man is vile." Jesus invited, fifty years ago, some to come to this far northwest to preach his gospel. They must brave perils such as we who are young in the ministry know little about. It meant exile from the dear scenes of youth, but Jesus said, "I will go with you, and I'll stand by you." And almost like Abraham, not knowing whither they went, they started forth, obedient to the Master's voice. They came to lay foundations on which future generations were to build. In a few years others, fired with a like spirit, joined them, ready to share their perils and their joys. We are privileged to meet with some of them round the table of our Lord to-day. The thought that has lent inspiration to their life is Jesus. We cannot see to-day all of that devoted vanguard of Christian missionaries who came to this Coast. Some are in that great company who numbered "ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands," saying with a loud voice, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor and glory, and blessing." And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard and said, "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever."

THE SURRENDER.

By a singular coincidence, the next morning was the Fourth of July, our great anniversary day, and at ten o'clock the garrison marched out by regiments, and stacked their arms on the grassy slope in front of the works they had defended so long and gallantly, hanging their colors upon the center. With that downcast look always so sad in a brave soldier's face, they laid off their knapsacks, belts, cartridge-boxes and cap pouches, and thus shorn of their arms and accoutrements, and leaving their colors behind them, slowly wheeled back into their works. Not a word had been spoken, save the few words of command necessary from the officers in charge, and these were uttered in a low, subdued tone, as one speaks at a funeral. The spectacle would have been mournful if the humbled foe had been an invader; but it was doubly so when it was remembered that they were citizens of a common country, brethren of the same family, and the very soil on which they stacked their arms was their own birth-right.

The painful ceremony lasted over an hour, and when it was over, the rebel and federal officers mounted in haste and swept away towards the city. Thirty-one thousand six hundred men, on this eventful morning, surrendered themselves prisoners of war, of whom fifteen were generals.—From *Advance Sheets Headley's Life of Grant*. E. B. Treat, New York.

The priests in Bulgaria seem actually to be on a strike. Some three years ago the peasantry began to refuse to pay ecclesiastical tithes, and the Government appropriated \$160,000 towards the deficit. But this money is now exhausted, and as no more has been voted, the ecclesiastics are thrown upon their parishioners again for support, and it is stated that in many places they now refuse to hold church services, administer the sacraments, solemnize marriages or bury the dead. Were not the masses of the people so closely wedded to their Church, there would be ground for seeing a wide door for the propagation of a purer gospel; but a settlement of some sort is likely to be effected without a permanent variance between priests and people.

WHY THIS DUNNING?

Should you ask us why this dunning, Why these sad complaints and murmurs, Murmurs loud about delinquents Who have read the paper weekly, Read what they have never paid for, Read with pleasure and with profit, Read of church affairs and prospects, Read of news both home and foreign, Read the essays and the poems, Full of wisdom and instruction— Should you ask us, "Why this dunning?" We should answer, we should tell you:

"From the printer, from the mailer, From the kind old paper-maker, From the landlord, from the carrier, From the man who taxes letters With a stamp from Uncle Samuel— 'Uncle Sam' the rowdies call him—

"From them all there comes a message, Message kind and firmly spoken, 'Please to pay us what you owe us.' Sad it is to hear such message, When our funds are all exhausted, When the bank note has left us, When the gold coin all has vanished, Gone to pay the paper-maker, Gone to pay the tolling printer, Gone to pay the landlord tribute, Gone to pay the nimble carrier, Gone to pay the faithful mailer, Gone to pay our Uncle Samuel— 'Uncle Sam,' the rowdies call him.

"Would you lift a burden from us? Would you drive a specter from you? Would you taste a pleasant slumber? Would you have a quiet conscience? Would you read a paper PAID for? Send us money—send us money— Send us money—send us money— Send the money that you owe us!" —The Lutheran.

Grant's Advance on Vicksburg.

He knew that this step was looked upon with alarm by his best officers. Not that they feared for themselves, for more loyal, fearless and gallant subordinates never gathered around a great leader; but they feared failure and ruin to the army, and damage to the common cause. They therefore respectfully urged him not to attempt it; but he stood firm, though he stood alone. He knew, moreover, that if his purpose was known to the Government, he would be promptly ordered to face about. Still, he did not waver a moment. This quiet faith in himself invests him with a grandeur greater even than his victories.

Without parade, quietly, yet with a resolution fixed as the granite hills, he, at midnight on the 3d of May, mounted his horse, and "turned his back on the Mississippi river." The die was cast; it was now victory or annihilation, glory or disgrace, life or death, with him and his noble army. He knew all this, as he rode on through the deep night, but he felt no misgivings, no regrets. Thoughtful and solemn, as befitting so momentous a decision, he was nevertheless borne up by a serene confidence in the correctness of his judgment. Paralyzed by no forebodings, his mental faculties, instead of being depressed by the weight of responsibility he had taken on himself, were roused into tenfold activity. No orders could reach him now, until it was too late to obey them. Unfettered and free, he was in just the position for which nature designed him, and he went to work with an energy and power that astonished us. The army must be got in hand as quickly as untiring efforts, and work by night and day, could do it; and then he meant his motto should be that of Danton's: "Audace, audace, toujours audace." His staff was now allowed scarcely a moment's rest, and his orders flew from point to point with bewildering rapidity. Sherman was hurried forward with urgent appeals. Hurlbut, at Memphis, was directed to send on a division at once; another was ordered from Milliken's Bend, with directions to march by brigades.

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Wonderful, mighty city!
Oh, how thy life rolls on!
The roar and the rush of traffic,
The laugh and the curse and moan.
The thousands who live by labor,
The thousands who live by sin!
Wonderful life of the city,
Tumult and toil and din!

Is it life, all life, in the city?
Nay; dark lies the shadow of death.
Look not on the surface, Christian,
But linger and gaze beneath.
The turmoil, the glare and bustle;
Beneath all the outward show
You will see dead souls in the city,
Unconscious of want and woe.

Are souls that are dead and Christless.
The eyes of the lost look up
In your face. Will you stay and spare them
Some drops from your brimming cup
Of a free and full salvation?
Will you carry the Word of life
Through street, and alley, and workroom,
Where the power of sin is rife?

Yea, workers, beloved in Jesus,
I see you, a blessed host—
Ye are in the highways and byways,
Seeking to save the lost.

But the need, the need grows greater,
And our King is at the door;
Let us rise and beseech him together
Fresh grace on his church to pour.

In the night of his Holy Spirit
Let us go to the dead in sin,
Let us plead with the Christless thousands,
And labor to bring them in
To the life undimmed, unending,
Wrapped up in one precious Name,
To the fair and golden city,
And the Christ who overcame.

—The Christian.

Rebecca, the Drummer.

It was about 9 o'clock in the morning when the ship first appeared. At once there was great excitement in the village. It was a British warship. What would she do? Would she take about in the bay or pick up stray coasters as prizes, or would she land soldiers to burn the town? In either case there would be trouble enough.

These were sad days, those old war times in 1812. The sight of a British warship in Boston Bay was not pleasant. We were poor then, and had no monitors to go out and sink the enemy or drive him off. Our navy was small, and, though we afterward had the victory and sent the troublesome ships away, never to return, at that time they often came near enough, and the good people in the little village of Scituate Harbor were in great distress over the strange ship that had appeared at the mouth of the harbor.

It was a fishing place in those days, and the harbor was full of smacks and boats of all kinds. The soldiers could easily enter the harbor and burn up everything, and no one could prevent them. There were men enough to make a good fight, but they were poorly armed, and had nothing but fowling pieces and shot-guns, while the soldiers had muskets and cannon.

The tide was down during the morning, so that there was no danger for a few hours, and all the people went out on the cliffs and beaches to watch the ship and to see what would happen next.

On the end of the low, sandy spit that makes one side of the harbor, stood the little white tower known as Scituate Light. In the house behind the light lived the keeper's family, consisting of himself, wife and several boys and girls. At the time the ship appeared the keeper was away, and there was no one at home save Mrs. Bates, the eldest daughter, Rebecca, about 14 years of age, two little boys, and a young girl named Sarah Windsor, who was visiting Rebecca.

Rebecca had been the first to discover the ship, while she was up in the light-house tower polishing the reflector. She at once descended the steep stairs, and sent off the boys to the village to give the alarm.

For an hour or two the ship tacked and stood off to the sea, then tacked again and made for the shore. Men, women and children watched her with anxious interest. Then the tide turned and began to flow into the harbor. The boats aground on the flats floated, and those in deep water swung around at their moorings. Now the soldiers would probably land. If the people meant to save anything it was time to be stirring. Boats were hastily put out from the wharf, and such clothing, nets and other valuables as could be handled were brought ashore, loaded into hay carts, and carried away.

It was of no use to resist. The soldiers, of course, were well armed, and if the people made a stand among the houses, that would not prevent the enemy from destroying the shipping.

As the tide spread out over the sandy flats it filled the harbor, so that instead of a small channel, it became a wide and beautiful bay. The day was fine, and there was a gentle breeze rippling the water, and making it sparkle in the sun. What a splendid day for fishing or sailing! Not much use to think of either while the warship crossed and recrossed before the harbor mouth.

About 2 the tide reached high-water mark, and, to the dismay of the people, the ship let go her anchor, swung her yards around and lay quiet about half a mile from the first cliff. They were going to land and burn the town. With their spy-glasses, the people could see the boats lowered to take the soldiers ashore. Ah! then there was confusion and uproar. Every horse in the village was put in some kind of team, and the women and children were hurried off to the woods behind the town. The men would stay and offer as brave a resistance as possible. Their guns were light and poor, but they could use the old fishbones as a fort, and, perhaps, make a brave fight of it. If worse came to worst, they could at least retreat and take to the shelter of the woods.

It was a splendid sight. Five large

boats, manned by sailors, and filled with soldiers in gay red coats! How their guns glittered in the sun! The oars all moved together in regular order, and the officers, in their fine uniforms, stood up to direct the expedition. It was a courageous company come with a warship and cannon to fight helpless fishermen.

So Rebecca Bates and Sarah Windsor thought, as they sat up in the lighthouse tower, looking down on the procession of boats as it went past the point and entered the harbor.

"Oh, if I were only a man!" cried Rebecca.

"What could you do? See what a lot of them; and look at their guns."

"I don't care. I'd fight. I'd use father's old shot-gun—anything. Think of uncle's new boat and the sloop."

"Yes; and all the boats."

"It's too bad; isn't it?"

"Yes; and to think we must sit here and see it all and not lift a finger to help!"

"Do you think there will be a fight?"

"I don't know. Uncle and father are in the village, and they will do all they can."

"See how still they are in the town. There's not a man to be seen."

"Oh, they are hiding till the soldiers get near. Then we'll hear the shots and the drum."

"The drum? How can they? It's here. Father brought it home to mend it last night."

"Did he? Oh! then let's—"

"See, the first boat has reached the sloop. Oh! oh! they are going to burn her."

"Isn't it mean?"

"Where is that drum?"

"It's in the kitchen."

"I've a great mind to go down and beat it."

"What good would that do?"

"Scare 'em."

"They'd see it was only two girls, and they would laugh, and go on burning just the same."

"No. We would hide behind the sandhills and the bushes. Come, let us—"

"Oh, look! the sloop's afire!"

"Come, I can't stay and see it any more. The cowardly Britishers to burn the boats! Why don't they go up to the town and fight like—"

"Come, let's get the drum. It'll do no harm; and perhaps—"

"Well! let's. There, the fife, too; we might take that with us."

"Yes; and we'll—"

No time for further talk. Down the steep stairs of the tower rushed these two patriots, bent on doing what they could for their country. They burst into the kitchen like a whirlwind, with rosy cheeks and flying hair. Mrs. Bates sat sorrowfully gazing out of the window at the scene of destruction going on in the harbor, and praying for her country and that the dreadful war might soon be over. She could not help. Sons and husband were shouldering their poor old guns in the town, and there was nothing to do but to watch, and wait and pray.

Not so the two girls. They meant to do something, and, in a fever of excitement, they got the drum and took the cracked fife from the bureau drawer. Mrs. Bates, intent on the scene outside, did not heed them, and they slipped out of the back door, unnoticed.

They must be careful or the soldiers would see them. They went around back of the house to the north, and toward the outside beach, and then turned and plowed through the deep sand, just above high-water mark. They must keep out of sight of the boats, and the ship, also. Luckily, she was anchored south of the light; and then, as the beach curved to the west, they soon left her out of sight. Then they took to the water side, and with the drum between them, ran as fast as they could toward the main land. Presently they reached the low heaps of sand that showed where the spit joined the fields and woods.

Panting and excited, they tightened up the drum and tried to fife slowly.

"You take the fife, Sarah, and I'll drum."

"All right; but we mustn't stand still; we must march along the shore toward the light."

"Won't they see us?"

"No; we'll walk next the water on the outside beach."

"Oh, yes; and they'll think it's soldiers going down to the point to head 'em off."

"Just so. Come, begin! One, two—one, two!"

Drum! drum!! drum!!!
Squeak! squeak!! squeak!!!
"Forward—march!"

"Hal! ha!"

The fife stopped.

"Don't laugh. You'll spoil everything, and I can't pucker my lips."

Drum! drum!! drum!!!
Squeak! squeak!! squeak!!!

The men in the town heard it, and were amazed beyond measure. Had the soldiers arrived from Boston? What did it mean? Who were coming?

Louder and louder on the breeze came the roll of a steady drum and the sound of a brave fife. The soldiers in the boats heard the noise, and paused in their work of destruction. The officers ordered everybody in the boats in the greatest haste. The people were rising! They were coming down to the point with cannon to head them off! They would all be captured, and perhaps hung by the dreadful Americans.

How the drum rolled! The fife changed its tune. It played "Yankee Doodle"—that horrid tune! Hark! The men were cheering in the town; here were thousands of soldiers in the woods along the shore.

In grim silence marched the two girls—plodding over the sharp stones, plashing through the puddles—Rebecca beating the old drum with might and main,

Sarah blowing the fife with shrill determination.

How the Britishers scrambled into their boats! One of the brave officers was almost left behind on the burning sloop. Another fell overboard and wet his good clothes, in his haste to escape from the American army marching down the beach—a thousand strong! How the sailors pulled! No fancy rowing now, but desperate haste to get out of the place and escape to the ship.

How the people yelled and cheered on shore! Fifty men or more jumped into boats to prepare for the chase. Ringing shots began to crack over the water. Louder and louder rolled the terrible drum. Sharp and clear rang out the cruel fife.

Nearly exhausted, half-dead with fatigue, the girls toiled on—tearful, laughing, ready to drop on the wet sand, and still beating and blowing with fiery courage.

The boats swept swiftly out of the harbor on the outgoing tide. The fishermen came up with the burning boats. Part stopped to put out the fire, and the rest pursued the flying enemy with such shots as they could get at them. In the midst of it all the sun went down.

The red coats did not return a shot. They expected every minute to see a thousand men open on them at short range from the beach, and they reserved their powder.

Out of the harbor they went in confusion and dismay. The ship weighed anchor and ran out her big guns but did not fire a shot. Darkness fell on the scene as the boats reached the ship. Then she sent a round shot toward the light. It fell short, and threw a great fountain of white water into the air. The girls saw it, and dropped their drum and fife, sat down on the beach and laughed till they cried.

That night the ship sailed away. The great American army of two had arrived, and she thought it wise to retreat in time!

Rebecca is still living, old and feeble in body, but brave in spirit and strong in patriotism. She told this story herself to the writer, and it is true.—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Morning Hour.

The best time for Bible reading is in the morning. The mind and body are fresh after the night, and the highest powers of thought may be brought to bear upon the chapter selected. But with most people each recurring morning brings its own pressing tasks. Business cares, the daily toil and the duties of the household, are the first and most engrossing concerns. Some hours must pass, with many, before they can find time to sit down to any quiet reading. Let the plan be honestly tried of taking some words from God's Book for the first meditation of the morning. Make for the next month a fair, steadfast trial of the plan of studying the Bible when your faculties are at mental high-water mark. You wonder at the familiarity of this or that friend with the Psalms, the Epistles, the Gospels. It has been gained a little at a time, by patient, daily reading—thoughtful and prayerful reading, too, which was hived by the soul as something worth treasuring. We shall all gain immeasurably in our influence, as well as in our own comfort, by giving more of our unwearied thought to the Holy Book. A few tired, sleepy, worn-out moments at night, and those only, are almost an insult to the Master, whom you profess to serve.—*Selected.*

Comfort at Home.

Put self last. Be prompt at every meal. Take little annoyances out of the way. When good comes to any one rejoice. When any one suffers speak a word of sympathy. Tell neither of your own faults nor those of others. Have a place for everything and everything in its place. Hide your own troubles, but watch to help others out of theirs. Take hold of the knob and shut, without slamming, the door. If the door squeaks, apply the drop of oil at once. Never interrupt any conversation, but watch patiently your turn to speak. Look for beauty in everything, and take a cheerful view of every event. Carefully clean the mud from your feet in entering the house. Always speak politely and kindly to servants. When inclined to give an angry answer press your lips together and say the alphabet. When pained by an unkind word or deed, ask yourself, "Have I never done an ill and need forgiveness?"—*Soldier and Servant.*

A Whole Family in Heaven.

The following eloquent passage is from the pen of Albert Barnes: "A whole family in heaven! Who can picture the everlasting joy? Not one absent. Nor father, nor mother, nor son, nor daughter away. In the world they were united in faith and love and peace and joy. In the morning of the resurrection they ascend together. Before the throne they bow together in adoration. On the banks of the river of life they walk hand in hand, and as a family they have commenced a career of glory which shall be everlasting. There hereafter is to be no separation in that family. No one is to lie down on a bed of pain; no one to sink in the arms of death. Never, in heaven, is that family to move along in the slow procession, clad in the habiliments of woe, to consign one of its members to the tomb. God grant that in his infinite mercy every family may be thus united."

What He Got.—Two tramps in Westchester County stopped at the house of a lone widow and one went in to beg. Very soon he came out with a bloody nose and a first class black eye. "Well, did you get anything, Jack?" "Yes," growled the sufferer, "I've got the widow's gown!"

A Boston artist painted an orange peel on the sidewalk so naturally that six fat men slipped down on it.

Gleanings.

He who refuses to remedy a wrong is guilty of a second wrong.

Before God can deliver us from ourselves, we must undeceive ourselves.

Nothing is so gentle as gentleness; nothing so gentle as real strength.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

"Oh, may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life."

The greatest evils in life have had their rise from somewhat which was thought of too little importance to be attended to.—*Bishop Butler.*

Evolution stands by to note calmly the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence. Christianity goes to work to make something fit to survive.

Do not be surprised if, in your first efforts at doing good, you are not very largely successful. Usefulness is an art, a science, a trade.—*Talmage.*

Nothing is more expensive than penuriosity; nothing more anxious than carelessness. Every duty which is bidden to wait returns with seven others.

Public opinion is a weak tyrant compared with our own private opinion; what a man thinks of himself, that it is which determines, or rather indicates, his fate.

It is disowning my belief, wronging my soul, and giving the lie to God, to think, but for a moment, that his mercy in Christ is not above all my sins.—*Rev. T. Adams.*

If you think you are only to believe the gospel, you are mistaken; you are also to live the gospel; you should be a living epistle of Christ, "known and read of all men."

God will stand by his laws. It is no use to violate God's law and run. Sin brings guilt, and God will find the guilty man, though he flee to the ends of the world.—*Castle.*

To be something to God—is not that praise enough? To be a thing that God cares for and would have complete for himself, because it is worth caring for—is not that life enough?

Alas! this time is never the time for self-denial, it is always the next time. Abstinence is so much more pleasant to contemplate upon the other side of indulgence.—*MacDonald.*

We must lend an attentive ear, for God's voice is soft and still, and is only heard of those who hear nothing else. Ah, how rare it is to find a soul still enough to hear God speak!—*Fenelon.*

A pearl becomes red by the nearness of a rose, but never a rose white by contact with a pearl. It is not the lower, but the more noble, that readily recognizes and take home for profit the high qualities of others.—*Hindu.*

Dr. Lyman Beecher once said to a minister with the burden of a cold congregation on him: "Do as the mother hen does; brood over them, sit on them, warm them up awhile, and before long you will have cackling enough."

Children are members of the Church by the merits of Christ. Baptism is a recognition of this membership. Children by this are probationers in the church. It is your duty, with the parents, to care for the children.—*Bishop Walden.*

When faith and hope fail, as they do sometimes, we must try charity, which is love in action. We must speculate no more on our duty, but simply do it. When we have done it, however blindly, perhaps heaven will show us why.—*Dinah Mulock.*

What is our death but a night's sleep? For, as through sleep, all weariness and faintness pass away and cease, and the power of the Spirit comes back again, so that in the morning we arise fresh and joyous—so at the last day we shall arise again, as if we had only slept at night, and shall be fresh and strong.—*Martin Luther.*

Dost thou, O man, seek goodness, that thou mayest be rewarded for being good? O foolish man! Knowest thou not that goodness is the highest reward heaven can give thee? The end of thy creation and redemption is that thou mayest become good—mayest be perfect even as God is perfect. Therefore thou shalt seek goodness, not for reward, but for its own sake.

While away on your vacation you think it necessary still to have your cup of coffee in the morning, and other creature comforts to which you are accustomed at home. But you leave your pocket-Bible and Church paper and praying habits behind, and yet expect to maintain your spiritual life. You are not a Solomon in religious matters.—*Nashville Advocate.*

A Sermon to a Preacher.

Never shall I forget the remark of a learned legal friend, who was at one time somewhat skeptical in his views. Said he to me: "Did I believe as you do, that the masses of our race are perishing in sin, I could have no rest. I would fly to tell them of salvation. I would labor day and night, I would speak with all the pathos I could summon. I would warn, expostulate, and entreat my fellow-men to turn unto Christ, and receive salvation at his hands. I am astonished at the manner in which the majority of you ministers tell your message. Why, you do not act as if you believe your own words. You have not the earnestness in preaching that we lawyers have in pleading. If we were as tame as you are, we would never carry a single suit." A decade of years has passed away since that remark was made. I bless God it was addressed to me. It put a fire into my bones which I hope will burn as long as I live. God preached a stirring sermon to me that day by the mouth of that infidel lawyer.—*P. Stricker.*

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1885.

In the interior the dog-star reigns; on the coast the fog-horn blows. But the fog-horn is not located everywhere, and is not always heeded where it sounds. Lately, two or three vessels have been wrecked, one with a lamentable loss of life, not far away, by running ashore, after days without sight of the sun. This is an evil, but an evil that can scarcely be avoided. Vessels cannot always "lie to," on account of possible currents and reefs. They must be kept going, in order to keep up "steering-way." But where they are, and whether they are going, they cannot possibly tell exactly, when their "dead-reckoning" fails them, as it commonly does after a day or two of thick weather, amid currents, tides, drifts and changing winds. Are not some of us drifting in the fog liable to get aground, and go to pieces on unknown shores, our "reckoning" as nearly "dead" as may be?

The adjustment of labor-calls and the economic sides of labor questions are matters of importance, which, it is probable, in our times, should have even more attention than is now given them. Yet many of our "socialists" are thinking, it would seem, that labor-saving should go so far, as to save them, if not all other men, from labor. But the truth is that there are no real labor-saving machines; they are only labor-changing machines. The same amount of labor must be done, only not so exclusively by manual execution. Machines must be invented, manufactured and managed all the same by human toil. In some callings the number of men needed is diminished by machinery, but new fields of labor are commonly opened, demanding an increase of labor and laborers. The world's work is continually ahead of its workers, even when some markets are glutted. And it is well for us that it is so, both to increase our possible satisfactions and to keep us out of mischief.

There are religionists in our world who are continually deploring so many appeals to reason, and decriing the "right of private judgment." And yet there are "priapatics" of this school, who go about, with suavity and other things, among the wealthier classes, to make proselytes; and their constant appeal for success must be to "private judgment," unless they rely solely on prejudice and passion. Of course, there are some things in religion, as well as in other spheres of action, which cannot be rightly fixed by the individual judgment, and must have the common consent of qualified persons; yet the appeal to see and concede even this must be made to all as individuals. Councils are possible only where all, as individuals, assent to the decision of the great majority. In the realm of morals the enlightened conscience of the individual must stand supreme. In the realm of opinion the consensus of the qualified must pass for truth.

Some people dwell so exclusively on gentleness and patience, forgiveness and charity, pity and love, as to forget that there is anything which cannot be tolerated and must not be loved. They overlook the fact that many things must be loathed, and more hated. It is not saintliness, but rather the want of it, that leads us to put up with, apologize for and half-approve vicious habits and evil ways, when we ought to detest and hate them. It was Davidic as well as Godlike "to hate every false way." We are not likely to love very ardently, unless we hate the opposite as vigorously. We are not to hate persons, but things; and we are to do even our hating as one side of our benevolence.

The season of agricultural fairs has begun. For six weeks they will be occurring in various parts of the State. The State is large, and so they do not much interfere with one another, or with the State Fair or the Mechanics' Fair. We do not regret the occurrence of these fairs, though some evils result from them. Our regret is that they improve so slowly in character, and that more and better ser-

vice is not obtained from them. They might become higher toned. Not only might the racing, betting, and so on, be diminished, but something more literary, educational, æsthetic (not to say moral and religious) might be connected with them. True, there is delivered an annual address, but there are several other evenings which might be filled with essays or addresses on art, science, education, taste, philosophy and life, each year, to the great improvement of our rural population. Why not do something at the same time to improve the characters of men as well as the breeds of animals? Our farmers ought to be among the foremost in other kinds of culture as truly as in the culture of the ground. All of us need more breadth and depth than any one sort of culture can give us, however much we may excel in that one. We respectfully suggest to all Fair managers an alteration of programme so as to let in the inventor, the artist, the scientist, the school-master, the philosopher and the educator in every department of life, to mingle with the farmers and stockmen, both teaching them and being taught by them. And why not have a Sunday during Fair week, and march the whole body of men to hear a sermon?

Freed by Adroitness.

St. George Mivart, the distinguished Roman Catholic scientist, has written in the *Nineteenth Century* a very noteworthy article, in which he shows that, in his judgment, the scientific investigators belonging to his Church need not hesitate to hold evolution nor any of the conclusions which legitimately follow from that doctrine, the ecclesiastical authorities and interpreters to the contrary notwithstanding. Nor are they to be troubled in any department of science, whether it be astronomy, biology, history, biblical criticism. Let them go on, and find what is true to right reason, and no authority in the Church can interfere; or, if it does, it cannot prevent the investigator, even if he does teach views condemned by the Church officials, from being a good and loyal son of the Church. This sounds very much like pretty thorough-going Protestantism. We find it difficult to distinguish this from what we call the right of private judgment. And the mode of reaching this conclusion is quite startling to a mind that has been wont to read what such a writer as Professor Draper has said about the antagonism of the Church to scientific freedom and the progress of truth. For this Catholic savant seems to agree with Draper, that the Church did put its foot square down on the views of Copernicus and the personal convictions of Galileo, and did condemn the scientific conception of the solar system, as opposed to Scripture and the writings of the Fathers. But he argues that grievous mistake of the ecclesiasticalists is our deliverance! For the Church was proved wrong in that time, and science was proved right. "Well may the modern Catholic, when considering the happy results to his freedom of the fault committed at Rome with respect to Galileo, borrow the words which the Church uses on Holy Saturday with respect to Adam's fall, and exclaim with all his heart, 'Oh, *felix culpa!*' Oh, happy fault, which has brought us so great redemption!" Now, such reasoning as this is refreshing for its conclusions. But how different the processes are from those which we have been accustomed to associate with the Roman Church! They remind us of the story of the man who said he always looked a difficulty boldly in the face, and then passed on. And we are the more reminded of that story because Mivart, supposing himself to be asked how he reconciles such free statements with certain high and mighty documents, notably the famous "Syllabus of the Pope," declines to answer, except to say: "I am quite sure that authority can be justified only by reason, and cannot, therefore, be justified if it opposes reason." Such an answer has been accustomed to take, as a matter of course, in our Protestant circles. But can it be that this is the coin which has free circulation in the Roman communion? If so, that Church has been strangely misled, or else a change has come, or is coming, over it. If it be supposed that this kind of talk is carefully to be confined within what is called the scientific domain—but once science is free it will ask its questions closer home. Then the dictum quoted from the Jesuit, Father Hill, "The criterion of scientific and philosophical truth is not authority, but evidence," will be enlarged, for that will be the criterion of truth, without any adjective to limit it. And can it be that there is any evidence for transubstantiation, or the immaculate conception, or the infallibility of the Pope? That there are Catholics who see that Mivart, and such as he, have entered on the beginning of the end, is manifest, for it is because devoted priests have scented and cried out the peril that Mivart has written this bold

declaration of independence. The Roman Catholic system is a specimen of adroitness. The great defenders of it are eminent for a certain peculiar, dialectical skill. A Church that makes so extraordinary pretensions has to be adroit. Adroit, bold, unblushing, must be every one who has, like Monsignor Capel, to advocate the peculiar dogmas of Rome in the face of the facts that are known to every student of history and every thinking man. And even the man of science, like Mivart, when he would defend freedom of investigation as consistent with Catholic loyalty, must feel as if he were under constraint of too much acuteness in order to carry his point.

Trifling Service.

BY REV. DR. A. L. STONE.

There are not many opportunities in our daily life and fellowship for grand and heroic achievements on behalf of our kindred and friends. We might have an ambition to present to them such tokens of our regard—tokens that should be memorable for self-sacrifice on our part, and for large enriching on theirs. But if we wait for such signal occasions of rendering service to those whom we love, neglecting as beneath us the bestowment of petty comforts, we shall not accomplish much in life. These great crises of human experience, that call upon us, if we would bless and relieve our companions, for the outlay of our utmost vigor and strength, occur so seldom that in such waiting we shall sit, for the most part, with folded arms and listless inaction.

The better rule is, if we would be fruitful in beneficence to those with whom we walk, that we keep our eyes open, our hands ready, and our spirit willing and eager for petty offerings of cheer and help. These trifling occasions abound in the most uneventful life, and the sum total of such contributions presents a footing-up by no means small. As we sit or move together in the scenes of daily communion, we shall find, if we are watchful, that we can often brighten the face of a companion with some slight service that shall express our love and friendship.

When we are grouped together within the walls of home, or in some apartment of social hospitality, how simple and yet how pleasant an act of courtesy to offer the most comfortable easy-chair in the room to one to whom it shall be specially welcome, rather than retain it for our own accommodation! Are we quick to discern and to practice this grateful attention?

When the morning newspaper is left at the door, do we hasten to secure the earliest possession and the first reading of its columns, or do we pass it to another hand, and insist upon its appropriation there?

When we open our books in the evening, in the parlor circle, do we secure for ourselves a position that gives the most brilliant volume of light upon the printed page, or do we prefer the convenience of a companion to our own?

As we sit before the luxuries of the table, are we eager to transfer the most inviting portion and supply to our own plate, or would we rather gratify the taste and regale the palate of another, even though our supply should be both inferior and scanty?

In social reunions, are we so ambitious to make our own thoughts and convictions audible, and to lead the vein of intercommunication, that we push our utterance into vocal supremacy, or do we invite the discourse of another, while we pay the homage of silent listening?

No matter what the entertainment is, or for what refreshment of our nature, are we willing to postpone our personal gratification for that of our friend, and do we make such postponement effective for his privileged precedence?

You may say, "These are all trifles"; and I freely admit the truth of your criticism, but it is through just such trifling overtures that we can make the lives that beat close to our own happy in themselves and in their relation to us, and become the benefactors of those with whom we associate.

Shall we seek thus to abound in trifling services to all those with whom we mingle in this earthly fellowship?

Ministers and the Ministry.

Every profession propagates its kind. This is the law. There is something in those in each profession that makes room for that profession in society and makes it attractive. There is something in them, also, that goes out after young men, to bring them in and keep the ranks full. Those in elect those out. Their example, success, influence, words, invitations, help, go out after kindred spirits, and the demand is met. They are the magnets that find their kind, and draw them to the profession.

This has pre-eminently been the case with the ministry. Nor have they left it to their silent influence and example to attract young men. They have gone after those they thought would be suitable to work with them and to take their places. They have spoken to the mothers to consecrate their sons to the ministry; if Christ should be pleased to accept them. They have asked the fathers to start the boys in their education in that way. They have been among the first to see that a Christian college—its own attractive light, lighting up the way to the sacred calling—should spring up in every commonwealth and center of large population, almost at its beginning, to greet the eyes of young men, and beckon them forward. Harvard College took its name and its inspiration from clergymen, in less than ten years after the founding of the Massachusetts colony, and less than eighteen after the founding of Plymouth colony. Ministers have, also, opened their doors and drawn young men around them to study theology, when there were

no seminaries for their special training. The homes of eminent preachers in New England, of the olden time, were theological schools, with inviting voice and hearty help; and every sermon and pastoral call might turn the attention of some promising youth to the proffered facilities.

The ministers of our land have not been indifferent to the supply. They have talked for it, preached for it, prayed for it, toiled for it, agonized for it. They were not dead to the succession. We, ministers of the present generation, stand in their place. We inherit their office and their responsibilities, to keep good the ministerial supply. Every pastor is, by office, providentially, in an outlook committee, to find young men for a profession to which they do not turn till the thought is borne in upon them, to which the natural ambitions and attractions of life do not point. When the secular tide is so high and strong, bearing so many of the adventures of civilization on its crest, he needs to have a keen eye and an earnest heart for those he may wisely rescue from the drift and attract to the pulpit—the light-house where they can be the means of scattering the rays of spiritual life over the bewildered and wild voyagers. He has fine opportunities for this. He has access to the homes. He knows the boys and the young men. He can study their quality, their adaptations, their tastes. He can form some estimate of their spirit, mettle, promise. He is in a way to find the means to put them on the track, having been over it himself, and being more or less familiar with those things. He can, above all, drop the endearing suggestion in their hearts, and then, in due time, take the young man by the hand and lead him along.

Here is a work for the ministers in California. Individually, they have not long to preach the gospel. They may be the means of preaching it when they have left the sermon, through those whom they shall have helped into the ministry. They may thus continue their blessed work in the pulpit long after they have gone to their reward, and even multiply themselves many times, and occupy different pulpits simultaneously.

There is great need of having this work done, and well done, to have blood-ties between the churches and the ministry, to have the community riveted to the pulpit by the presence of their own sons in it, to win California to preaching by the investment of her own life in the work, and to show that maturity in Christianity here which enables it, with the divine blessing, to be self-perpetuating in all its agencies. Christianity is not fully planted and rooted in a great section of the country till it undertakes the process of self-equipment in the various departments of Christian work.

But this effort by the ministry to multiply itself needs to be made with care. It is not additions merely that are wanted, but power, life, help. A ministry may increase and yet decrease, losing in influence more than it gains numerically. We want, first, men of whose thorough moral principle and Christian character there can be no doubt, and who can run the searching scrutiny of the capacious world without having their integrity and honesty questioned. Second, we want men who have faith in the gospel as the means of doing good, and who want to proclaim it that men may be saved; not those who desire the pulpit as a field for rhetoric and oratory, or merely to inculcate morals and lessons of worldly prudence, or to air new views of theology and philosophy. Then, we want persons of good parts and promise, of common sense and well-balanced minds, and who are patient of study and preparation. The ministry is brought in contact with live minds, intelligent and sharp, and this is no age for success in the pulpit short of ability, and of culture of some sort. If the culture is not in the schools, it must be elsewhere—in the study, or on one's knees, or in contact with men. With firm parts, the lack of schooling may be made up in royalty of other gifts—tact, skill, knowledge of man, personal force, strength of faith, consecration, as in the case of a Moody. But there must be something of promise somewhere in the man to make it an object to put him into the ministry, in these days.

It is, then, objected that the consequences are too serious to hazard the responsibility of pointing a young man to the ministry? This does not relieve a minister from attending to this part of his calling; it only emphasizes the painstaking and prayerfulness with which he should discharge the duty. Is it said, further, that the suggestion in so grave a matter should come from God and be felt first within, and not be a human intrusion? May it not come first from God, come from him to the preacher, and then through the preacher to the young man? Is God any the less in it if he sends the suggestion through the pastor than if he sent it directly. Pastors should remember that God can put suggestions into their hearts as well as the hearts of other persons, and that in this indirect way he has called most of ministers into this service.

I. E. DWINELL.

MARRIED.

NORDBLING—MCKAY.—In this city, August 24, 1885, by the Rev. J. Russell, Mr. Arthur W. Nordbling of San Francisco to Miss Euphemia McKay of San Francisco.

SAMMONS—JOHANNSEN.—On Tuesday, August 18, 1885, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. H. H. Wikoff, Horace F. Sammons of Napa to Francisca Johannsen of Sonoma.

CHAPMAN—WOOLSEY.—In the Congregational church in Berkeley, on Tuesday evening, August 18th, by Rev. C. A. Savage, Mr. Harvey W. Chapman of Sacramento to Miss Mary Woolsey of Berkeley.

Notice Chaplain Blake's advertisement in another column. He is working up a good thing. Many letters are being received by him, and we hope soon to hear that a noble colony has been organized under his leadership.

Congregational Club.

The Congregational Club, after its summer vacation, assembled in the parlors of the First church in this city on Monday evening last. After the usual hour of social intercourse, the Club set to the individual appropriation of the viands in a very matter-of-fact and practical manner. This part of the programme duly and fully completed, President McLean called the Club to order to attend to the usual literary business. The topic for the consideration of the Club was "The Proper Relations of Employer and Employee." It was introduced by the Hon. J. M. Haven, in his usual clear and forcible style. He gave quotations from Professors Sumner, Smythe, Perry, and Messrs. Carlyle, Kingsley and others. Amongst other things, it was stated that the highest civilization of this age is the result of competition. Wealth has been accumulated and concentrated so as to injuriously affect the results of competition. We should seek the diffusion, and not the concentration, of wealth. More than one million men are said to be idle in the United States, and stand as a most threatening danger. Capital and labor must find common ground. There must be mutual helpfulness and a recognition of the common brotherhood.

I. P. Rankin, Esq., said much soreness of feeling, jealousy and hostility exist, but he did not believe that labor and capital were antagonistic. The cases are exceptional where employers grind down the wages of those who work for them. There is generally a feeling of friendliness amongst employers for employees, whilst on the part of the employees there are often antagonisms from their thinking they did not get as much as they ought. He believed the true remedy was the diffusion and practice of Christian morality, and encouraging the accumulation of capital amongst the employed.

Mr. Israel Knox believed intense selfishness pervades society in general. Many persons labor as little as possible, and get all they can. Others get all they are able, and keep all they get. The Golden Rule is the true remedy, and should be the dominating principle.

Mr. John McKee read a thoughtful and interesting paper on the subject, and was followed by G. M. Fisher, Esq., who said he thought brains had outrun muscle, and that machinery was a providential arrangement, intended to scatter mankind among the waste places of the earth.

Mr. J. S. Hutchinson believed the labor troubles growing in seriousness.

Rev. Dr. Holbrook facetiously remarked that he believed preachers to be the hardest worked and poorest paid of employees. He would recommend that they should have a salary and then a percentage of the profits made by their congregation.

Brief remarks on the subject were made by Messrs. Woodbury, Tade, Beckwith and Tabb, after which the Club adjourned.

Oakland Theological Seminary.

Shall I be pardoned for saying a word of the Theological Seminary at Oakland? It belongs to your Coast, to be sure, and I have been nearly a quarter of a century a director in Chicago Seminary, and may seem to be intruding in the affairs of another institution. But they are in no sense rivals, as each has so vast a field of its own; and, after all, both belong to our common and national Congregationalism.

An item going the rounds of the religious press as to Dr. Ellis' effort for the Presbyterian Seminary in San Francisco suggests the propriety of a word from an "outsider" as to your Seminary. May I not venture to stir up the pure minds of the California brethren, by way of remembrance, as to their school of the prophets? I saw little of its appliances, for it was time of vacation, and I knew already the excellence of its instructors, one of whom I learned to esteem and honor when he began his ministry here-away a generation ago. It is the sphere and opportunity of the Pacific Seminary, as I have lately come to realize it, that moves me to speak. Eastern seminaries, especially Harvard of late, have generously contributed to the ministry of your Coast. This cannot continue. You must raise up and train your own men. You ought to have some soon for the foreign field. But for this, and for all the new communities that will call for them in California, Washington and Oregon, the seminary itself needs re-enforcing. Its working staff is too small. To overload instructors with too many subjects is the poorest economy possible. That meager beginning of a theological library needs to be largely supplemented. Do not let your young men float eastward—even to our own excellent Chicago Seminary—for lack of books. I looked over one library in San Francisco devoted to a single branch of a single department—history—embracing 40,000 volumes, exclusive of pamphlets, etc. Who among your intelligent laymen will create a theological library of 40,000? "The queen of the sciences," as theology is admitted to be, deserves it richly. Professors of ecclesiastical history, of New Testament Greek, of elocution, of the relations of philosophy and science to religion—and no seminary is complete without these, to say nothing of the new specialty of biblical theology—cannot be added without new endowments. I envy your men of wealth their noble opportunity of usefulness, memorable forever in supplying them. House-room for coming students and teachers must be increased ere long; why not take time for the forelock and increase them now? Of all things that belong to the Congregationalism of the Pacific, I pray you, good brethren of the churches, let not that training-school for your future ministry be overlooked.

GEO. F. MAGOUN.
Grinnell, Iowa, August 19th.

Home Missionary.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D. D.

Office, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue.

Address of Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, in Saratoga, N. Y., June, 1885.

Every age has its mission. What is ours? In God's great school, beginning at Eden, and not to end till time ends, each epoch has its lesson to learn and to teach. What is our lesson? The Hebrews were centuries in learning that there is one God, not Lords many and Gods many. But they learned it at last; and whatever apostasies the future may have in store for us, we may be sure that neither the Jewish people, nor those who have sat at their feet, will ever go back to polytheism or idolatry. Then came the New Testament, with its teaching of the character of God and of his mercy, reconciling man to himself. For eighteen centuries the world has been learning how God and man may be made at one. That lesson is not yet fully learned. Whether salvation comes down from heaven to man, or grows up from man toward heaven, whether the Father stoops down and lifts his children to himself, or whether the children must wait till they have grown to the stature that enables them to reach and kiss his face—this is the question at issue to-day between Christian faith and scientific skepticism. And as often as doubt asks the question, faith must be ready with its answer. Still, this lesson is for the most part learned. The foreign population, of which we have heard so much, and who are gathering in such numbers to our shores, are not pagan populations; they are, for the most part, Christian populations. Germans from the land of Luther, Bohemians from the land of Huss, Scandinavians from the land of Gustavus Adolphus, Irish from the land of St. Patrick. Our great lesson is not to learn not to teach that there is a God; nor yet to learn not to teach how God and man can be reconciled to each other, though both lessons must be reviewed and repeated, and, to new generations, retaught. The great lesson we have to learn, and in turn to teach to other nations, is how men of different tongues, races, religious faiths and social classes, can live together peacefully, prosperously, joyously. All the great questions of our national past—what have they been but questions of social and industrial order? The slavery question, the temperance question, the educational question, the question of the family, pressed upon the attention of our churches by rapidly multiplying divorces—all are questions of man's relation to his fellow-man. And now, last, and perhaps greatest, the labor question is the question. What are the duties due by one class to another class of their fellow-men? For socialism is not a creed; it is only a question. It is a gigantic interrogation point. It does not know what it wants. It cannot formulate its demands. It is the dumb, inarticulate cry of toiling masses for something, they know not what. It is our business to answer the question; to put a creed opposite the interrogation point; to answer the dumb, inarticulate cry, with what will satisfy the longing.

We can do it, for the Bible contains the answer. In the redemption of the race, the redemption of the individual comes first. 'Tis first in order of time, and first in order of importance. A staunch ship cannot be made of rotten timber. But the redemption of the individual is not the only redemption which this Bible reveals, or which its Author provided. He is the redeemer of the race, and the Bible tells, not only the individual how he must live, but all individuals how they must live in harmony with each other. It reconciles God and man, but it also reconciles man and man. It begins with organism. The Old Testament reveals a political framework; it contains the history of a divinely organized State, and I believe it is easy to show that all the great institutions which constitute the fabric of our own free commonwealth, popular suffrage, three distinct departments—a legislative, an executive, and a judicial—two representative assemblies, free speech, universal education, and a union of independent States in one Sovereign Nation—all have their germs in the Hebrew commonwealth; all are exhibited in simple and primitive forms in the Pentateuch. If we turn to the New Testament, the burden of Christ's preaching there relates not to an individual, but to an organism—the kingdom of God. He begins his ministry by preaching the kingdom of God. His sermon on the Mount is an unfolding of the laws of the kingdom of God. His parables by the sea-shore are a prophetic panorama of the history of the kingdom of God. His addresses in the temple are a revelation of the final triumphs of the kingdom of God, while all through his teaching, and that of his apostles, runs a course of instruction which teaches, not only the allegiance of the subjects to their King, but the relations and duties of those subjects to each other. As the Old Testament is the best of all text-books in the fundamental principles of political science, so the New Testament is the best of all text-books in the fundamental principles of social science. We have the text-book which enables us to answer the interrogations of Socialism.

And certainly we have need to search our Bibles, and find an answer to the cry of humanity for righteousness, which is but another name for love. All individuality is not among the so-called lower classes. To deny the brotherhood of man is no less infidel than to deny the fatherhood of God. So long as we have learned professors, who reply to the question, What do social classes owe each other? by the answer, Nothing; so long as we have leaders of philosophic thought, who declare as Herbert Spencer and Professor Gorman have recently done, that the law

of society is a struggle for existence, and the survival of the fittest, which means the death of the unfit; so long as we are taught in Christian colleges and by popular literature that humanity is but a herd of buffaloes, and the weak must expect to be trodden under foot of the strong, and to lift up their cry to pitiless ears in vain, so long there is need of a public teaching of the meaning of the Golden Rule and the divine law: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." I thank God that our revered and honored Vice-President took for his theme this law, and gave it to us for our thought in this convention.

We hear in pulpit, press, and platform demands for a simple gospel. If by this is meant that the ministry cease to obscure the practical teachings of Christ by the scholastic refinements and subtleties of the middle ages, the demand is wise and right. If by this is meant that preaching is a simpler matter now than it was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it is mistaken. There never was a time when preaching the gospel was so complex, or required so encyclopedic knowledge, or so versatile a mind, or so catholic sympathies. "Go ye into all the world," says Christ, "and preach the gospel to every creature"; and then adds, "teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever I have commanded you." We have come to this second era of our commission. In America most men know that Christ lived, suffered, died for sinners. Certainly, preaching to an ordinary congregation, is in no sense a herald of news. The story of the cross is a familiar story to the men and women and children of the preacher's congregation. He has to go beyond it. He has to teach us to observe all things, whatsoever Christ has commanded. He has to apply the great principles of Christ's teaching to all the complicated and varying social conditions of our kaleidoscope age and our democratic country. It is the largest work and the sublimest work ever given man to do. I envy my children. I wish I might begin this work anew. As I ponder the problems of our modern civilization, and see the solution suggested, but left us to work out, in the Christian Bible, I sometimes wonder how any Christian young man can be anything else than a preacher of the gospel of Christ.

Brethren and fathers in the ministry, may I be pardoned if I say one word in frankness to you? We have heard much of the needs of the poor and of the work of the American Home Missionary Society among them. I want to remind you of the needs of the rich, and of the work which, among them, the Home Missionary Society has to do. The newspapers tell us that the surplus reserve in the banks of New York city is greater to-day than it has been for years. It is your business to tell the owners what to do with it. If the owners of wealth are greedy, avaricious, oppressive, your duty would be simple enough. It would be to thunder in their ears the denunciations of God against greed, and selfishness, and oppression. But they are not. They are generous, liberal, open-handed. The American is not a miser. He is not in spirit a tyrant. But he does not know how to use money. We have spent all our energies in acquiring, and have not learned how to expend. This is the lesson you have to teach; for most of you speak not to the poor, not to the wage-worker, but to the well-to-do, to the capitalist and employer. And the duty is laid upon you of teaching him that he is a trustee; that he holds his wealth—be it little or much—in trust for the community, because in trust for God; that every man who spends a dollar in any way other than the best fitted to serve the human race, and so serve God, is an embezzler of trust funds.

City Mission Gospel Meetings.

The City Missionary has opened a gospel meeting in the R. & S. N. A. Hall at 806 Montgomery street, Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, which make eight services during the week wherein the gospel of Christ is preached to the people. The order of these services is as follows: Sunday, City Prison, 10 a. m.; Sunday, R. & S. N. A. Hall, 3 p. m.; Monday, House of Correction, 11 a. m.; Tuesday, City and County Hospital, 2 p. m.; Tuesday, City Mission rooms, 810 Sansome street, 7:30 p. m.; Wednesday, City Mission girls' reception, 3:30 p. m.; Thursday, City Mission boys' reception, 7:30 p. m.; Friday, City Mission mothers' reception, 3 p. m. Perhaps, the most blessed and prosperous portion of the work is that among the children, who are made to feel when they come to the Mission that the sweet atmosphere of Christ's love is there. After their lesson in Christian temperance, they are always permitted to enjoy a play, spell, and are served with some sort of refreshments. But while the missionary recognizes the need of working for coming generations by sowing seed in the hearts of the children, she has also, with an indefatigable zeal, carried the gospel banner into prisons, and hospitals, and homes.

We cannot close without just a word about the "mothers' reception," which is the happiest hour perhaps of all the week, to which all mothers are cordially welcomed. The come, Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, each one feeling the sweet spirit of hospitality extended to them from the band of white-ribbon ladies who are always in attendance to discourse sweet music and earnest gospel temperance talk, after which coffee and cake are served, and there is a social chat about home life which inspires every mother to come upon a higher plane to meet the requirements which society demands. Christian ladies are cordially invited to participate in this good work.

Com.

The hospital at Foochow, for native women and children, has lately received a gift of \$520 from the European residents.

Religious Intelligence.

Pacific Coast.

BAY CONFERENCE.—The postponed meeting of the Bay Conference will be held with the Congregational church in Cloverdale, on Monday evening and Tuesday, September 14th and 15th. The following counties are comprised in this Conference: San Francisco, Alameda, San Mateo, Santa Clara, Santa Cruz and Sonoma. Each church is entitled to representation by pastor, or acting pastor, and two delegates, with an additional delegate for each fifty resident members above one hundred. A full representation is desired. Entertainment will be provided for the delegates, who will please kindly notify Rev. W. L. Jones, Cloverdale, Sonoma county, of their intention to attend the Conference. Persons can leave San Francisco, via Point Tiburon, at 3:30 p. m. on Monday, reaching Cloverdale at 7:30 p. m. The exercises will commence at 8 p. m.

GEORGE MORRIS, Registrar.

Rev. Christian Van Derveers, late pastor of the Dutch Reform church, Grand Haven, Mich., and who, for some months past, has been supplying the Congregational church at Park City, Utah, is now in our city, and with Mr. E. P. Ferry of Michigan, was at the last meeting of the Monday Club.

"The Meaning of These Hard Times" was the topic presented by Rev. C. M. Blake at the last meeting of the Monday Club. Among visitors present were Rev. W. H. Tubb and E. O. Tade.

There will be no meeting of the Club on next Monday, but on the following one Rev. C. M. Blake will present the subject, "Charities and Corrections."

Very excellent reports are given of the sermons of Rev. G. M. Boynton at the First church last Sabbath. "The Joy of the Lord Our Strength" was the morning subject. At evening it was "Hindrances to Baptism."

"The Sanctions of God's Moral Law" and "God's Righteousness as Disclosed in Nature" were the themes on which Rev. T. K. Noble preached at Plymouth church.

"Steps in the Dark" and "The Spirit Convincing the World of Sin" were Pastor Pond's topics at Bethany church.

Rev. S. Witter preached at Olivet church in this city on "God Loves a Cheerful Giver" and "Gospel Bearers."

"Condition of Prevailing Prayer" and "Felix and a Convenient Season" were the subjects of discourse by Rev. J. Rowell at the Mariners' church. Many conversions during the week were reported.

"Elijah at the Cave" and "The Reflex Influence of Liberty" were the topics on which Rev. Dr. McLean preached in the First church, Oakland.

Professor Moor preached a sermon at Plymouth-avenue church, Oakland, on "The Still, Small Voice."

Rev. I. F. Toby, on Sunday last, presented his resignation as pastor of Park church, Berkeley. The theme of his discourse last Sunday evening was "None that Doeth Good, No Not One."

Very interesting reports are given of our work at Ocean View, which progresses very encouragingly.

Rev. O. G. May preached at Sunol, Decoto and Mission San Jose. Good work is being done at each place. The church edifice at Sunol is progressing nicely.

The San Lorenzo Union church people have been gratified by a visit from Rev. D. W. Poor, D. D., now of Philadelphia, the founder of the church, and who was instrumental in causing the erection of their house of worship! On Thursday evening last a sociable was held, at which time he was called forward to the platform of the church by Rev. Dr. Holbrook, the present pastor, and was presented by Mr. Edward Webb with a beautiful gold headed cane, made of California wood, as a token of esteem by the congregation, and as a grateful remembrance of his labors in their behalf. A proposition was made at the same time to secure the erection of a parsonage, and Dr. Poor made a liberal pledge of \$100 to aid in the work.

Rev. Dr. Holbrook preached at San Lorenzo on " Cain and Abel," or "The First Murder," with applications to recent events. A committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions for a parsonage. A considerable portion of the sum needed being already pledged.

Rev. O. A. Savage preached at Berkeley on "Elijah Under the Juniper Tree," and "New Light from the New Version on the Psalms."

"The Great Coming Reformation" and "Great Reasons for Thankfulness" were the subjects of discourse by Rev. J. A. Jones at South Vallejo.

"Woman's Work for Good and Evil" and "Oppositions of Science Falsely so Called" were the themes at Crockett.

"The Occasions of Christian Gladness in Hard Places" and "Christ, the Propitiation for Sin" were discussed on by Professor Tade at Antioch.

Pastor Tubb preached at Byron in the morning and evening, and at Bethany in the afternoon. His subjects were "Excuses" and "Be not Weary in Well Doing." They have a new organ at Byron, and the outlook is good.

Rev. Dr. N. W. Lane preached at Galt, Lockford and Lodi to good congregations at each place. The Lodi church now walks alone, without home missionary help.

Several of our ministers met at Redwood, Tuesday, August 18th, to consult about a Sabbath-school Convention for our churches in San Mateo and Santa Clara counties. They hope to hold one about the middle of September.

Good congregations are reported as attending the Santa Cruz church. Rev. M. Willets discoursed on "Elijah at Horeb" on Sunday last.

Revs. A. B. Palmer of San Juan and W. H. Cross of Saratoga exchanged August 16th. It gave each an opportunity to preach in the pulpit he had formerly occupied.

The people of Sonoma enjoyed a great treat on Sunday evening, August 16th, the same being an address upon work among the Indians. The speaker was Miss Mollie Francis, formerly a resident of Sonoma, but now a teacher under the auspices of the Episcopal Board. For five years she has been laboring in this work, most of the time at the Santee Agency, Nebraska, at which point the Congregationalists are well represented by Rev. A. L. Riggs, of whose work Miss Francis spoke in glowing terms. Miss Francis expects to return soon to her work, though from this time her headquarters will be at the Rosebud Agency in Dakota; and as she goes the well-wishes of the Sonoma people will go with her. Now that we have been thus favored we shall be able to give more intelligently to the mission about to be established at Rosebud, circulars concerning which have recently been sent to our Sunday-school.

H. H. W.

EDITORS PACIFIC: On Monday, August 3d, the Stockton Ministerial Association passed a resolution endorsing the work of the Young Men's Christian Association of Stockton, and appointed the Association as a committee to employ Rev. Alexander Patterson to hold a series of evangelistic meetings. Brother Patterson came, and on Sunday, August 16th, commenced his labors. Although the thermometer has ranged from 90 to 104 degrees, we have had a goodly number out, and some twenty-seven are asking, "What must I do to be saved?" This, we believe, is only the beginning. Will you pray for us? Brother Patterson is a rare evangelistic worker, relying upon the power of the Holy Ghost accompanying the Word. He has no individual eccentricities, and is one of the rare, live workers, for whom no apology is needed on account of objectionable methods, but draws by the beauty, simplicity and power of the Word. We hope to keep him many days. Our Association is progressing rapidly, and we are on a sound basis, with a membership numbering about one hundred and sixty-two. Remember us daily. Ask your readers to do so also.

M.

LOS ANGELES.—The Chautauque Assembly meets at Long Beach on Thursday, 27th, and will continue their exercises until Sunday evening. Judging from the programme, those who attend will have a profitable and enjoyable time. There was a slight inaccuracy in the notes from Los Angeles last week. The Episcopal church was not represented in the Ministerial meeting at Y. M. C. A. rooms on Monday 17th. Rev. A. J. Wells occupied his pulpit on Sunday morning, and preached a sermon in behalf of the Chinese missions on this Coast. To everybody but real estate agents, the heat last week in this southern latitude was inexpressible. On Wednesday we had a heavy sand-storm. It developed considerable energy at Long Beach, overthrowing tents and enveloping things generally for an hour or so.

R.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS.
PRESBYTERIAN.—There were six additions to the Larkin-street church at the last communion. The Menlo Park church is now self-sustaining. Rev. W. J. Smith again suffers from feeble health.
METHODIST.—The Lower Lake church has also been dedicated. The Lorenzo church has also been dedicated. Rev. B. F. Breese of Los Angeles was surprised on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage. Two years' work in Livermore has raised the membership from forty to one hundred and thirty.

BAPTIST.—It is expected that a church will shortly be organized in Merced. Rev. A. W. Runyan has been called to the pastorate of Emmanuel church, San Jose. Three persons joined the Santa Ana church recently. Rev. W. T. Fleener is conducting revival meetings in Oakland.

Y. M. C. A.

The fifth annual State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of California will be held in Napa City, from October 22d to 25th inclusive. Friends of the work in Napa are making extensive preparations for the entertainment of the delegates, and there is every indication that it will be one of the largest and most important religious gatherings of Christian young men ever held in this State.

Goodall, Perkins & Co. have granted two-third rates over their line of steamers for the delegates coming from Southern California, and the Central Pacific railroad will sell delegates round-trip tickets from San Francisco to Napa for \$1.90. Some of the most prominent workers and clergymen of the State have been assigned parts on the programme, and a great deal of interest is being taken in the Convention throughout the State. The State Committee in hopes of securing a State Secretary next year, who will be placed in the field permanently, to work up this special work for young men in the various cities and towns of California. Certainly this is a grand field, and the value of such work cannot be estimated. We shall publish the programme of the Convention as soon as it is completed.

One of Edison's latest inventions is on the telegraphic order—an appliance to prevent collisions of trains in foggy weather at curves in the road. It looks like a telephone, and its claims are to allow engineers to communicate with each other on trains a mile apart while they are in motion.

Sunday-school Lesson for Sept. 6th.
II Kings 11: 1-15.

BY REV. W. L. JONES.

The prophet who was introduced to us in the fullness of his mature strength, without notice of his birth, youth or education, now goes from us without feebleness, or pain, or death. He had, evidently, received some intimation that his work on earth was done, and he quietly goes to the place from which he was to be taken up to heaven. On his way he visits the schools of the prophets; and the sons of the prophets—that is, the young men who were pupils in these schools—came out to meet him, and to hear his parting words. It was a natural wish that one who had done so much should have an opportunity to see and encourage those who were to take up the work when he was gone. But such was the quiet and cheerful manner of the prophet that these young men thought perhaps he had not spoken to Elisha about the event that had been foretold to them. He looked and spoke as he had been used to do at other times, when much of life seemed to be before him. He had learned the right way to live. He was busy to the last, but in such a way that he need make no change, although he knew it was his last day on earth. It was no sudden check upon his plans or his acts to pass into the world beyond, but rather a progress in the same line of thought and feeling. There was no place for fear or disappointment. He was going to the God whom he loved and served. He had finished his work on earth. Henceforth his occupations were to be in a brighter realm.

Elijah furnishes us with a beautiful illustration of the way a good man will act in view of the close of life. His strength was not gone, and his mind was still clear, but it did not seem needful that he should cling to the earth on that account. Bodily feebleness is not a preparation for heaven, nor does the imbecility that often accompanies extreme age give one a warmer welcome to the world above. He was to go suddenly. He was strong in the morning, and not here at night. His ready step that faltered not from Gilgal to Bethel, from Bethel to Jericho, might well be treading, in a few moments, with greater vigor, those higher paths for which we have here no name, and among inhabitants who, like those sons of the prophets, would also come out to meet him, and give him welcome.

A sudden departure from this world is often considered a misfortune, and a stroke of lightning a token of divine displeasure. But, if we are ready, as Elijah was, we may accept it as a token of divine love that the manner of our removal is quick and painless.

The prophet went up in a chariot of fire. Whatever change must be made to fit him for that world which flesh and blood cannot enter could be made on that passage as well as if in pain and exhaustion he had groined out of life. It was like that change that "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye" (I Cor. xv: 52) will pass upon all God's children who are found on earth when the end shall come.

We return from this scene not as from a funeral, but as from a triumphal procession. But we would like to step on our return at these schools of the prophets, and hear the eulogies pronounced upon their departed hero. Perhaps some of the milder sort, while they admired his courage, thought him too bold in speech and too little forbearing with idolaters. The scene by the brook Kishon may have troubled some of them, and made them inclined to think that, if Elijah had loved the prophets of Baal a little harder, he would not have needed to shed their blood. With the same weakness that makes some people think that to make heroes and pets of murderers is the surest proof of a Christian spirit, they might have sympathized so much with the discomfited idolaters as to have no sympathy left for those whom they could betray into sin. But the older ones among the prophets recognized the fact that, while silken tapestry is very good in its place, it is very poor material for a plowshare or a sword.

Elijah had a hard work upon his hands, and all the harder qualities of his nature had to be brought to bear upon it. The gentler characters could have done a different work but not the same. The forces of evil were not careful to send to the front men of the milder sort. They must be met by a man equal to the occasion. Elijah was that man. No well-wrought essay, abounding with figures of rhetoric and poetical quotations, would have satisfied his conscience when the idolatrous multitude was before him. Banners and mottoes wreathed with garlands were not the weapons with which he sought to drive back the foes of true religion. Plain truth, thrust home with honest words, and with unmistakable application to the people who heard him, were the means he used to instruct, restrain, impel and bless.

But, when we have mentioned all these noble traits of his character, we have not touched the true source of his greatness. He was a man of prayer. The greatest triumph of his life was preceded by a short, earnest plea to the "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac and Israel."

Elisha, upon whom his mantle fell, recognized this secret of his power, when he called, not on the departed prophet, but upon the "Lord God of Elijah."

It is well to remember what God has done for those who labored before us. In other generations he has showed his power. Upon other men he has made his blessing rest, and caused their lives to be joyful on account of the success that has crowned their efforts. Their success is our encouragement. When error asserts its claim, and the zeal of God's people declines, we may look back and pray, "Where is the Lord God of our fathers?" and find that he who was near to them will not desert their children.

Annual Meeting of the G. W. C. T. U.

The first annual meeting of the German W. C. T. U. was held at their headquarters, 132 McAllister street, on August 19, 1885. It was a large gathering of German ladies, comprising both members and visitors. The society has an increase from last year of nine regular and nine honorary members. Their work has been a steady, quiet one, and by their persistent effort they have closed two saloons. It was, indeed, a red-letter day for the temperance Germans of the Pacific Coast, promising grand things for the future. At the conclusion of the election of officers for the ensuing year, temperance refreshments were served by the ladies, of which all partook with glad hearts. By singing the beautiful German songs and reciting the beautiful German poems, the remainder of the afternoon was pleasantly spent. Mrs. Skelton's heart was so full of joy that she needed no refreshments, for looking into the honest faces of so many temperance German ladies was, indeed, refreshing to her.

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Children's Department.

SWEET PEAS.

Oh, what is the use of such pretty wings,
If one never, never can fly?
Pink and fine as the clouds that shine
In the delicate morning sky,
With a perfume sweet as the lilies keep
Down in their vases, so white and deep.

The brown bees go humming aloft;
The humming-bird soars away;
The butterfly blows, like the leaf of a rose,
Off, off in the sunshine gay;
While you peep over the garden wall,
Looking so wistfully after them all.

Are you tired of the company
Of the balsams so dull and proud?
Of the coxcombs bold and the marigold,
And the spider-worm, writhing in a cloud?
Have you not plenty of sunshine and dew,
And crowds of gay gossips to visit you?

How you flutter and reach and climb!
How eager your wee faces are!
Aye, turned to the light till the blind old night
Is led to the world by a star.
Well, it surely is hard to feel one's wings,
And still be prisoned like wingless things.

"Tweet, tweet," then says Parson Thrush,
Who is preaching up in a tree;
"Though you never may fly while the world
Goes by,
Take heart, little flowers," says he;
"For often, I know, to the souls that aspire
Comes something better than their desire!"
—St. Nicholas for August.

Emperor and Prisoner.

In the gray of an early morning, during the reign of good Joseph II of Austria, a strange scene occurred in one of the streets of the old city of Presburg. We can forgive history much of its dry detail and stiff formality when it also records for us heart-touching incidents of real life like this that we have here to tell.

The nearly silent street, flanked by its two rows of tall houses, most of the blinds and shutters still closing the windows at that early hour, was being swept by a gang of convicts, brought each morning through the prison gates for the purpose. In the line of prisoners was an old man whose hair and beard were white as silver, and whose ugly uniform did not wholly hide a certain stateliness of bearing, which he, however, did not allow to hinder his work. But in spite of his prepossessing look and manner, it was to be noticed that only he of all his wretched companions dragged at his leg a chain, weighed by a heavy bullet. Yet it seemed impossible to believe that he excelled in crime the repulsive-looking wretches about him.

As the work of cleaning the streets progressed, the thoroughfare, in spite of the early hour, came at last to have one passer-by. A tall, elderly man, very plainly dressed, but wearing a kind of uniform, advanced along one of the pavements, and as he looked at the gang of sweepers his eye quickly singled out the old prisoner. This observer seemed soon to notice that although the white-haired, aged man, in spite of having the chain and ball to drag, managed by sheer exertion to keep up with the others in his work, the overseer was nearly always shouting at him in anger, and finding fault without cause. The spectator stepped into the road to the old man's side.

"What," he asked, "is your crime, that you are treated in this way?"
The old prisoner, at the sound of a voice which had in it a tone of pity, looked up and stood still, resting his broom upon the stones. It was a terrible story of persecution and cruelty he had to tell. He belonged to a distant province, and his position there answered to the class in England called "yeoman"; he having been owner of a small property of his own. But, most unfortunately for him, the farm lay on the skirt of the great estate of Count—, and this nobleman had fixed an envious eye upon his scanty fields, as King Ahab did long before on Naboth's vineyard. Their owner, prizing the spot as having been the home of his forefathers, refused to sell it to the Count. From that hour began his persecution.

One legal process was served upon him after another, costs being run up at every stage. In the end he was fairly ruined, and was forced to agree to sell the farm to the rapacious nobleman, but he bargained that he was to remain in the house for one year more. One day soon after this he was standing at his gate, deep in grief at the prospect. A wounded hare unexpectedly ran by, and, without thinking what he was doing, he instinctively raised his stick and put the poor creature out of his pain. At that moment the Count's servant came up and arrested him on the spot, and although he had not laid a finger upon the hare he was taken to prison. There he lay for six months before he was tried, and when he was placed before the judge the influence of the wicked Count secured his being sentenced, to two years' imprisonment. In the meantime his wife and children were turned out of the house and plunged into utter poverty.

"That, sir," concluded the aged prisoner, "is my history."
"But can this persecution be possible?" asked his sympathizing listener; "why is your Emperor not informed of it?"
"Oh," sighed the old man, getting his broom again in motion, "the Emperor is far away; and, besides, in a quarrel with a nobleman a poor man like myself must be in the wrong."

"I will see the governor of your prison," was the next remark.
"Nay, nay, sir," the prisoner hastened to say, in a trembling voice, "pray do not try to interfere in my favor. A person once did so, and as the result I suffered fifty lashes, and have had to drag this heavy chain." Do not speak for me, or I shall suffer for it."

Another voice now broke in, speaking in loud, harsh tones.
"There you are again, you lazy fellow, chattering away your time instead of working. Have you found another soft-hearted fool to listen to your whining? Do you wish another fifty lashes, and a chain and bullet for your other leg?"

The brutal speaker was the overseer, and he raised his stick to strike the old man. But the gentleman parried the blow with his walking-cane, sending the truncheon flying.

"Sirrah," exclaimed the furious overseer, "I will arrest you for daring to interfere with an official. You are a prisoner, sirrah!"

Leisurely the stranger unbent his surcoat, disclosing to view a glittering star upon his breast. It was the Emperor or Joseph himself. He was accustomed, when traveling, to walk out, alone, early and late, seeing things with his own eyes. "Mercy! mercy!" cried the terror-stricken overseer, falling upon his knees.

"Away!" replied the Emperor. "Lead me this moment to the governor!"

The governor sank into a panic still worse than that of the overseer on hearing that the Emperor had entered the jail. He, however, stammered out that the blame rested with the judge, who was a great friend of the Count.

"O great God above, what villainy!" exclaimed the Emperor. "But woe to him who now injures a hair of that old man."

Hurrying back to his castle, the Emperor ordered the judge to be summoned before him. The result was that the judge was put into prison, where he first of all received fifty lashes, answering to those he had, by his unjust sentence, inflicted on the old man; next the chain and cannon ball were transferred from the innocent prisoner's leg to his own, after which he was made to clean the streets of Presburg like other convicts. And among his companions in this task he soon found out the ex-governor and the ex-overseer; the latter of whom now found the stick he had so mercilessly ill-used often coming down upon his own back.

Nor did the good Emperor stop here in doing justice; he sent for the liberated old man, and thus addressed him:

"I will make you governor of the jail, believing that you, who have suffered the barbarous cruelties of persecution, will show humanity to the prisoners under you. Farewell! Collect your family around you, and may God bless you!"

Before the amazed old man could thank the just, God-fearing Emperor, the door of the apartment has closed upon him.—*Day and Rest.*

A Little Girl's Talk.

A few Sundays ago I heard a little girl's talk over her pocket-book, before church time. Her brother said to her:

"Where's your money? There will be a contribution to-day."

She went to get her pocket-book.

"I have two silver ten cents and a paper one."

Her brother said:

"A tenth of that is three cents."

"But three cents is such a stingy little to give. I shall give ten cents."

You see I would have had more here, only I spent some for myself last week; it would not be fair to take a tenth of what is left, after I have used all I wanted."

"Why don't you give the paper ten cents? The silver ones are prettier to keep."

"So they are prettier to give. Paper ten cents look so dirty and shabby. No, I'll give good things."

So she had put one ten cent in her pocket, when some one said:

"I hope we can raise that three hundred dollars for home missions to-day."

Then that little girl gave a groan.

"Oh, is this home missions day? Then that other silver ten cents has to go, too."

And she went to get it, with another doleful groan.

I said: "If you feel so distressed about it, why do you give it?"

"Oh, because I made up my mind to always give twice as much to home missions as anything else, and I shall just stick to what I made up my mind to."

Now this little affair set me to thinking.

1. We should deal honestly with God in giving. "It is not fair," said the little girl, "to count your tenth after you have used all you want."

2. We should deal liberally in giving. If the fair tenth is a pretty sum, let us go beyond it and give more.

3. Let us give our best things. That which is the nicest to keep is also the nicest to give.

The Minister's Bow.

Not long ago, in a New England town, a new minister had been called and settled. In that town was a God-forsaken old reprobate, whom nobody respected or spoke to who could avoid it. He had never been known to go inside a church. He only worked when driven by necessity to do so, and loafed about the town a common nuisance. A few days after the new minister came to the town he met the old sinner on the village street, and, bowing, spoke a pleasant "good morning," and passed on. The old man turned and looked after him, and made inquiry of some one as to who he might be. The same thing happened a day or two afterwards; and again during the space of a week or two. Some one told the minister that he had made a friend of old —, and laughingly told him that he was wasting his politeness on that old reprobate. "Never mind," said the new minister, "it does not cost much to be polite, and no more to an old reprobate than to the 'squire' of the town." It was not long till old — was noticed creeping into the corner of the church farthest from the pulpit and nearest to the door. He had come in late and was the first to leave the church. He came again and again, and was finally brought to Christ, and during the rest of his life lived a consistent and earnest Christian life. He said the minister's bow was what did it. We do not know whether this little incident has any lesson in it for any of our readers, but we give it as it was told to us.—*Selected.*

Cricket and Its Forerunners.

Now, as far as we can ascertain, cricket seems to have been evolved out of stool-ball, and tip-cat, or, as it was called, *cat and dog*. From stool-ball was borrowed the primitive wicket—a stool, or *cricket*—which (perhaps) gave its name to the pastime. From stool-ball, too, we have the custom of tossing or bowling the ball to the striker. From *cat and dog* we borrow that part of the game which consists in running between two fixed points while the ball (at *cat and dog* the cat, or piece of wood,) is being fielded, or returned, by the other side.

Cat and dog is, in one sense, a classical game. Bunyan tells us that he was playing at it, and was just about to strike the *cat*, when he heard a supernatural voice bidding him forbear. I remember reading this passage in childhood, and fancying that Bunyan was torturing a poor puss, and that his heart was suddenly wrung by a sense of his own cruelty. But Bunyan was merely affected by a consciousness of the wickedness of primitive cricket. It seems that in some districts *cat and dog* was less like knur and spell, or trap, bat and ball, than I have supposed. The cat was not hit upon, and then knocked away by the player, as in *tip-cat*, but was thrown or bowled to him.—*The English Illustrated Magazine for September.*

A Boy's Religion.

If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, though he can't lead a prayer-meeting, or be a church officer, or a preacher, he can be a godly boy, in a boy's way and in a boy's place. He ought not to be too solemn nor too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, play, climb and shout like a real boy. But in all he ought to show the spirit of Christ. He ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought to eschew tobacco in every form, and have a horror for intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He ought to take the part of small boys against large boys. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution, to deceit. And, above all things, he ought, now and then, to show his colors. He need not always be interrupting a game to say that he is a Christian, but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because it is wrong and wicked, or because he fears God, or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for the things of God he feels the deepest reverence.—*Royal Road.*

Be What You Seem to Be.

A nobleman gave a grand supper to a few guests. While they sat at table, two masked personages came into the room. They were not larger than children 5 or 6 years of age, and represented a gentleman and lady of high rank. The gentleman wore a scarlet coat with gold buttons. His curly wig was powdered a snow white, and in his hand he held a fine hat. The lady was dressed in yellow silk with silver spangles, and had a neat little hat with plumes on her head, and a fan in her hand. Both danced elegantly, and often made agile springs. Everybody said: "The skill of these children is wonderful." An old officer who sat at the table took an apple and threw it between the gay dancers. Suddenly the little lord and lady rushed for the apple, quarreled as if they were mad, tore off their masks and head-gear, and—instead of the skillful children appeared a pair of filthy apes. All at the table laughed loudly, but the old officer said, with much earnestness: "Apes and fools may dress as much as they please; it soon becomes known who they are."—*From the German.*

Who Was Driving?

One of the prettiest conceits in Mr. Harris' (Uncle Remus) new book is put into the mouth of an old Negro driver. He had run away from his master, and could not be caught; but an old lady bought him, because he had saved the life of her son, and he surrendered himself and became a faithful servant.

When his old mistress came to die her wandering mind dwelt upon the Negro who had served her so faithfully. She fancied she was making a journey.

"The carriage goes smoothly along here," she said. Then, after a little pause, she asked, "Is David driving?" and the weeping Negro cried out from the corner of the room:

"Tain't no 'Dave, miz'ss! De good Lord done tuck hold er de lines."

And so, dreaming as a little child would dream, the old lady slipped from life into the beatitudes, if the smiles of the dead mean anything.—*Anonymous.*

Little Polly Flinders.

Katie was only two years of age, but she knew "Mother Goose" by heart. She had a little baby sister, and one morning she found her mother sitting by the hot ashes in the grate, holding baby's feet to them and patting her, for baby had the colic. "What shall we call little sister, Katie?" said mamma. Katie looked at the ashes and the baby, and answered, promptly, "Call her Polly Flinders, cause—"

"Little Polly Flinders"
Sat down among the cinders,
To warm her little toes.
Her mother came and caught her,
And spanked her little daughter
For soiling all her nice new clothes."

Exchange.

"When were the pyramids of Egypt discovered?" asked the teacher. "In the middle ages," replied the scholar at the foot of the class. "What do you mean by the middle ages?" further questioned the pedagogue. "Why, the pyramidal ages."

Deacon Marvin's Courtship.

We wish all marriages made against the judgment of the parents might turn out as well as Deacon Marvin's. Those now in middle life will remember when, in many of the country towns of New England, it was the custom of the town clerk to rise in his pew, just before the minister began his church service, and announce, officially, in a loud voice, the new engagements in the parish. The Hartford *Courant* vouches for the truth of the following, which occurred in the good old days of Lyme, Conn.

In the former days of the good old town there was an eccentric Deacon Marvin, living in single life, who became impressed with the feeling that he ought to marry Miss Betsey Lee, a spruce young maiden whose home was on the outskirts of the town, and who was a devoted member of the same church with himself.

Accordingly, mounting his horse one Monday morning, clad in the garments of the preceding day, he leisurely proceeded toward the home of Betsey, meditating, as he went, on the joys of matrimony; and, arriving there, he knocked at the door, when the young lady responded in person to the call.

Though just emerging from the wash-room, in home-spun blue kirtle, and with arms bared to the shoulders, she showed no embarrassment at the sight of the young deacon, and only an additional touch of color mounted to her face. The first salutations being over, the visitor, still sitting on his horse, proceeded, without delay, to state his business, as follows:

"Miss Betsey Lee,
The Lord reveals to me
That you my wife should be."

The bare arms were then slowly lifted up, the eyes turned in the same direction, the open palms displayed, and the response deliberately given: "Deacon Marvin, the Lord's will be done."

It was the custom of those good old days, and a legal requirement, that the bans of intended marriage should be published in the church or some other public place at least three weeks before the consummation of the nuptials. In the meantime, it appears that the parents of both the agreeing parties made objections to the match between the deacon and Betsey, but unsuccessfully, and the bans were nailed upon the church door at the end of three weeks, written in the deacon's own hand, he being the town clerk:

NOTICE.

"Renolds Marvin and Betsey Lee
Do intend to marry;
And though our dads opposed be
We can no longer tarry."

Many years they lived together happily, and served well their generation. True to his former characteristics, just before the ending of life, the deacon wrote his own epitaph to be inscribed on his grave-stone, and it may now be read by visitors in the ancient cemetery at Lyme:

"Close behind this stone
There lies alone
Captain Renolds Marvin,
Expecting his wife,
When ends her life,
And we both are freed from sarvin."

Exchange.

A Broken Heart.

The thoughtlessness of youth, especially when expressed in teasing or a practical joke, is often followed by regret, remorse and shame. This fact was pathetically illustrated by the death of a little girl caused by a cruel deception.

The innocent victim was a pupil in the high school, and was a candidate, through the solicitation of her friends, for Queen of the May. But this was a cruel hoax, gotten up for amusement.

Her mates promised to vote for her, even writing her name on slips of paper and showing them to her, until the ambitious child's hopes were raised to the highest pitch. When the hour for counting the votes arrived it showed only one vote for her. The poor child, almost broken-hearted, laid her head on her desk and cried bitterly. She went home and was taken ill. The illness, though slight at first, soon developed into brain fever. Through all her sickness her heated brain constantly turned on the cruel joke that had been played by her schoolmates, who even yet said that she was sick from disappointment. But, as she grew rapidly worse, their smiles were changed to tears of remorse. Too late. A few days she died, her illness brought on and aggravated by the duplicity and double-dealing of her schoolmates.—*San Antonio Express.*

It is good for a man to be checked, crossed, disappointed, made to feel his own ignorance, weakness, folly; made to feel his need of God; to feel that, in spite of all his cunning and self-confidence, he is no better off in this world than in a dark forest, unless he has a Father in heaven who loves him with an eternal love, and a Holy Spirit in heaven who will give him a right judgment in all things, and a Saviour in heaven who can be touched with the feeling of his infirmities.—*Charles Keeling.*

What would be wanting to make this world a kingdom of heaven, if that tender, profound, and sympathizing love, practiced and recommended by Jesus, were paramount in every heart? Then, the loftiest and most glorious idea of human society would be realized.—*Krummacher.*

A gentleman who had just issued a book of poems met a friend, with the following result: "Did you read my book?" "Oh, yes, I read it!" "How did you like it?" "My dear sir, I assure you that I laid it aside with a great deal of pleasure."

Mark Twain says that nothing seems to please a fly so much as to be mistaken for a huckleberry, and if it can be baked in a cake and palmed off on the unwary as a currant, it dies happy.

Best While.

You are wearing out vital forces faster than there is any need, and in this way subtracting years from the sum total of your life. This rush and worry, day after day; this restless anxiety for something you have not got is like pebble stones in machinery; they grate and grind the life out of you. You have useless burdens; throw them off! You have a great load of useless care; dump it! Pull on the strings; compact your business; take the time for thought of better things. Go out into the air and let God's sun shine down upon your busy head. Stop thinking business and profit; stop grumbling at adverse providences. You will probably never see much better times in this doomed world, and your most opportune season is now; your happiest day is to-day. Calmly do your duty, and let God take care of his own world. He is still alive, and is the King. Do not imagine that things will go to everlasting smash when you disappear from this mortal stage. Do not fancy that the curse of heaven, in the shape of the vain task of righting up a disjointed earth, is imposed upon you. Cease to fret and fume; cease to jump and worry early and late. The good time is coming, but you can never bring it; God can, and will. Take breath, dear old folks; sit down and rest, and take a long breath. Then go calmly to the tasks of life, and do your work well.—*Christian at Work.*

What Will He Become?

This question is often asked by parents in regard to their sons, and by the friends of many young men; and, although there is no rule for ascertaining, we may get some idea of what a young man will become by observing his actions and words.

Solomon said, many centuries ago, that "even a child is known by his work, whether it be good or evil." Therefore, when you see a boy slow to go to school, indifferent about learning, and glad of every opportunity to neglect his lessons, you may take it for granted that he will be a blockhead.

When you see a boy anxious to spend money, and who spends every cent as soon as he gets it, you may know that he will be a spendthrift.

When you see a boy hoarding up his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, you may set it down that he will be a miser.

When you see a boy willing to taste strong drink, you may rightly suppose that he will become a drunkard.

When a boy is disrespectful to his parents, disobedient to his teacher, and unkind to his friends and playmates, it is a sign that he will never be of much account.

When you see a boy looking out for himself, and unwilling to share good things with others, it is a sign that he will grow up a selfish man.

When you see a boy punctual at school, attentive to his lessons, eager for advancement, and respectful to all with whom he is brought into contact, you may be certain that he is forming good habits, and cannot fail of becoming a man of influence.

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Miscellany.

GLORIA TIBI.

God of the earliest streaks of dawn
That tint the Orient skies of day,
God of the bright and beauteous morn,
God of the noontide's gladsome ray,
God of the evening's twilight gray,
God of the midnight's solemn hour,
God of the everlasting day,
God of all grace and love and power—
Unto thee my soul would raise
Grateful hymns of solemn praise!
Help me worthily to sing,
Great Creator, God and King!

—Richard Coe.

A TREE-TOP DUEL.

A bobolink and a chick-a-dee
Sang a sweet duet in the apple-tree.
"When I'm in good voice," said the chick-a-dee,
"I sing like you to 'high C,' 'high C';
But I've caught such a cold
That for love or for gold
I can sing only chick-a-dee-dee-dee!"
—St. Nicholas for August.

Cocoon Cellulose as a Lining for Ships.

The long standing rivalry between heavy ordnance and armor plates is likely to be disposed of in a manner little expected, as a means appears to have been discovered whereby the effects of shot and shell, and even torpedoes, will be effectually neutralized. For some time past naval architects have ceased to rely solely upon armor for the protection of ships, for notwithstanding the enormous thickness to which armor plates had attained, they were found to be no match for the artillery that was brought to bear upon them. Steel plates and compound plates were next tried, but to no avail. As a further increase in the thickness of plates, whether of iron or steel or both combined, was impracticable, owing to the overweighing of vessels with armor, shipbuilding tried the expedient of supplying a second line of defense in the form of armor plates, which were constructed along the sides of ships, especially those parts where the machinery and magazines are located. They certainly, to some extent, furnished that second line without overburdening the vessel, for coal has to be carried under any circumstances.

But a far more effective protection appears now to have been supplied by the invention of a composition which, besides being efficacious as a protector, possesses the merit of being light—a desideratum much wanted by naval constructors. This composition is a preparation obtained from cocoon cellulose, which has the remarkable property, when penetrated by shot and shell, or even after the explosion of a torpedo, of closing up as rapidly as it has been in preventing the influx of water into the ship's hold. The very appropriate name of "coffer dam" has been given to the preparation, which, besides being very light, is highly elastic and tenacious. Some important experiments have lately been made with the composition before a French commission at Toulon, which, if everything that is reported concerning it is true, prove the preparation to be destined to solve the armor plate controversy. The commission submitted the composition to a three-fold test against shot, shell and torpedo. The target was a coffer dam made of a mixture of fourteen parts of pulverized cellulose and one part of cellulose in fiber. This composition was compressed to a felt-like mass, of which one cubic foot weighed about eight pounds. A layer of beams four and three-fourth inches thick represented the side of the ship, behind which there was a layer of coffer dam two feet thick. Against this target a seven-and-a-half-inch solid shot was fired, which penetrated it, taking with it not quite one-fifth cubic foot of composition, a very small quantity, considering the size of the shot. But as soon as the shot had passed through the target the cellulose composition closed up again, and so firmly that a strong man was unable to force his arm through the opening made. A box filled with water was then fixed against the aperture, the contents of which ought to have acted in the same way as if the coffer dam had been washed away by the sea. It was observed that a few drops of water began to percolate after the lapse of from ten to fifteen minutes; and even after the composition had become well saturated with water, only between three and five pints of water escaped per minute, which could be easily intercepted by pails. As soon as the cellulose had become thoroughly soaked and grown denser, it offered greater resistance to the percolation of water, which finally almost ceased to flow. The experiments with shell gave similar results, the breach made closing automatically. It was also found that the coffer dam was proof against fire. A special experiment was made in which red hot coals were placed upon a mass of coffer dam, and covered with the same composition, the result being that the fire went out. The experiments with torpedoes were not so decisive as those with shot or shell. A chest was anchored out at sea, one side of which was lined with coffer dam, a torpedo attached to it, and exploded. The chest floated for a few seconds, and then sank. When fetched up by a diver, it was found that the lid had been blown off, but the coffer dam composition was little injured. The above experiments appear to prove that the material in question possesses the property of automatically closing a leak caused by shot or shell, and of protecting a ship to a certain extent against fire. Whether its use will render ships unsinkable remains to be shown, but we understand that in order to investigate this point thoroughly, further experiments on a larger scale are to be undertaken by the Toulon commission. —Scientific American.

The aching head may well cease to throb when laid upon that softest pillow for human pain—"God knows,"—Marion Harland.

A Wasted Life.

Down on the Jersey coast the pastor of a small church died the other day. His church was a little brown shanty, set down on the marshes, his flock a few poor fishermen and crabs, with their wives and barefoot children. Naturally, there was but very little stir in the world when the old Dominie went out of it, and yet there had once been strange lights and promise shining into his life. When Amos Dunn was graduated, some fifty years ago, Harvard College waited expectant, ready to write him down one of her successful sons. He began to practice law in New York, with remarkable good fortune. Four years after he was "converted." The whole flood of his energy and enthusiasm turned into a new direction. In spite of the protests of his friends, he gave up his profession and studied for the ministry.

"I must serve God. I must do what good I can," he urged. "Why else am I here?" His father was a man of large political and social influence. The trumpets were blown loudly before young Dunn. When he began to preach, the church was crowded. He had exceptional learning and a certain fiery eloquence, which swept his hearers with him almost against their will. He married a girl whom he dearly loved, a gentlewoman, without a penny. Children came fast. His father died insolvent, to the amazement of the town. But what were riches? He had his work for God in hand, and his salary would support wife and children.

Down in some prison or slum, doing his work, he contracted a low fever, which left him at the verge of death. His congregation gave him a year's vacation. But at the end of the year he was still unable to preach. His voice had sunk to a hoarse whisper, and his sight was almost gone. They were very patient and kind. But the powerful pulpit orator was gone, of whom they had been so proud, and in his place was a feeble, broken invalid. He resigned, and gradually sank out of notice. For a few years he tried clerical work, then teaching, and, at last, his voice coming partially back to him, accepted a call to this church on the Jersey beach. "We may want the necessities of life," he said to his wife, "but life itself—work for God—remains."

For forty years the man did his work faithfully. But when life was nearly over, and the old Dominie, as they called him, summed it up, he could lay his hand on no results. He had been a man of learning, feeling and fine poetic fancy. This man his parishioners did not and never could know. They were illiterate and coarse grained. Their thoughts ran in low, muddy channels. They wanted from him on Sundays a discourse on some dogma, in which all sorts that differed from them "got some hard whacks." For the rest, he was to marry them and bury their dead. They paid him just as they paid for the wedding-cake or the coffin. "And dogged easy he earns his money," observed his principal deacon.

He could not always keep the man he was at soul buried out of sight. Sometimes the surge of feeling within broke into words, and they had a glimpse of his passionate love of nature, his devotion, his rapture of faith. They listened with gaping amazement and contempt, and set down as "cracked," as the canny Scotch did Irving. When he drew near to death they were kind, for they were secretly relieved that they were done with the queer old man, and would get "a real rantin', tearin' man of God that could wrestle with the Methodists, tooth and nail."

Old Amos used to creep to the beach this summer, and sit for hours looking at the great gray plain of the sea with its eternal splash, splash upon the shore, wondering what good his work had done the people or his children? He had educated his two sons and sent them out into the world. They had not inherited his talents nor his temperament. They were sharp, practical makers of money—nothing more. Early in childhood they recognized their errand into life, and they were never turned from it since. They were both well-to-do, pushing business men in the far West. As for self-sacrifice, or tender affection, or working to make the world better or purer, these words were idle to them as the crackling of thorns. They had a half-contemptuous pity for their visionary, impractical father, measuring the success of his life by his \$400 salary.

The old man did not see he had sacrificed his life to give lesser men than himself a place in the world. But he knew that his work had been wasted on them. All his life's work had gone for nothing, like this eternal cry, cry of the sea to the hard shore. The answer had never come. So, one day, with the echoes cry still in his ears, he died.

A few days later two strangers came down to this lonely bit of coast, one a man who stands high in the respect and love of the nation, a man who, again and again, has helped to keep the country on the side of justice and humanity. "I brought you here," he said to his friends, "to see this old man who is dead. I spent a summer here years ago. It was a critical time of my life. He was my salvation. His humility, his patience, his lofty faith moved me as the sight of the old martyrs must have done the heathen. If I have done anything to help the world, it is to him I owe it. I often meant to write and tell him so. But I never did."

But the old Dominie had gone to the land where he knows the answer to all lives, and knows that no good work in God's just world is lost. —Philadelphia Press.

A western plumber takes half a column of his local newspaper to advertise "Cast Iron Sinks." But great Scott! who ever said it didn't.

Religious Miscellany.

The receipts of the Board of Foreign Missions of the United Presbyterian Church in this country during the past year were \$71,666.74, an advance of over \$6,000 on the previous year.

It has been decided to rebuild the Catholic Cathedral at Charleston, S. C., which was burned in the great fire of 1861, and at that time considered the finest ecclesiastical building in the South. The Northern Bishops have written letters to the Mission rooms expressing the belief that the Church will this year raise \$1,000,000 for missions. The people generally are enthusiastically rising to a determination to raise it.

Great preparations are made in Boston for the celebration in that city of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the American Board of Missions, which will be held October 13th to 16th. It will be a memorable meeting of this venerable missionary organization.

The new statistics of the Southern Presbyterian Church are regarded as very encouraging. Sixty-six new churches were established within the last year. There are thirteen synods, sixty-nine Presbyteries, a gain of one; 1,072 ministers, a loss of 7; communicants, 135,201, a gain of 3,943. The total of contributions is \$1,347,763, showing a falling off, which is chiefly, however, in congregational and miscellaneous expenditures, and not so much in benevolent collections.

CAMILLA, Ga., Aug. 15.—Colored church circles are excited here. Last Sunday night Annie Sapp, fourteen years old, attended the Methodist church, and during the excitement was baptised. This coming to the ears of her aunt and guardian, Mrs. Rose, a strong Baptist, she swore out a warrant against the preacher for assault on her niece, the assault consisting in pouring water on Annie's head against her will. The preacher has now sued out a warrant against Mrs. Rose for disturbing public worship.

President Cleveland spent a few days lately, including Sunday, the 12th inst., at Woodmont, and the newspapers, some Democratic and some Republican, gave currency to the report that he had spent the Sabbath fishing. This, we are told, the President makes haste and "takes pains" to deny. All good and thoughtful people will rejoice—rejoice for two things: First, that the President of the United States did not do so wrong and unseemly a thing, and, secondly, that he thinks the matter of sufficient importance to demand prompt and careful denial. Well done, President Cleveland! —Pittsburg Advocate.

The list of pastors and stated supplies of the Protestant Evangelical churches in the city of New York, prepared by L. E. Jackson, Secretary of the City Mission, makes the following showing: Baptist pastors, 33; Congregational pastors, 7; Lutheran pastors, 22; Methodist pastors, 53; Moravian pastors, 2; Presbyterian pastors, 58; Episcopal pastors, 73; Reformed Episcopal pastors, 2; Reformed (Dutch) pastors, 25; undenominational pastors, 9,—or a total of 284. If we add to the foregoing list the Protestant Evangelical ministers in active service as editors, teachers, professors and occasional supplies, we should double the number. The following fall under the caption "undenominational": C. F. Deems, Strangers; John Dooley, Tabernacle; William T. Elsing, De Witt Memorial; J. H. B. Headley, Chapel; George J. Higgins, Union Tabernacle; E. D. Murphy, Marine; H. O. Pennington, St. Paul Evangelical; A. F. Schaffner, Olivet; A. B. Simpson, Twenty-third-street Tabernacle.

Wages in 1800.

The condition of the wages class of that day may well be examined; it is full of instruction for social agitators. In the great cities unskilled workmen were hired by the day, bought their own food and found their own lodgings. But in the country, on the farms, or wherever a hand was employed on some public work, they were fed and lodged by the employer, and given a few dollars a month. On the Pennsylvania canals the diggers ate the coarsest diet, were housed in the rudest sheds, and paid \$6 a month from May to November, and \$5 a month from November to May. Hod-carriers and mortar-mixers, diggers and choppers, who, from 1793 to 1800, labored on the public buildings and cut the streets and avenues of Washington city, received \$70 a year, or, if they wished, \$60 for all the work they could perform from March 1st to December 20th. The hours of work were invariably from sunrise to sunset. Wages at Albany and New York were three shillings, or, as money then went, forty cents per day; at Lancaster eight to ten dollars a month; elsewhere in Pennsylvania workmen were content with \$6 in summer and \$5 in winter. At Baltimore men were glad to be hired at eighteen pence a day. None, by the way, asked more than \$6. At Fredericksburg the price of labor was about \$5 to \$7. In Virginia white men, employed by the year, were given £16 currency; slaves, when hired, were clothed, and their masters paid £1 a month. A pound Virginia money was, in Federal money, \$3.33. The average rate of wages the land over was, therefore, \$65 a year, with food and perhaps lodging. Out of this small sum the workman must, with his wife's help, maintain his family. —McMaster's History.

A landlady was complaining that she couldn't make both ends meet. "Well," said a boarder, "why not make one end vegetables?"

A Denver paper professes to think it marvellous that a man whose brains were knocked out is still living. "If he were out this way he would not only be living, but would be holding some important office." —Hartford Times.

Household.

COFFEE JELLY.—Soak one-half box of gelatine in one pint cold water for fifteen minutes. Add one cup strong coffee, one cup sugar and one pint boiling water; heat till sugar is dissolved; pour into bowl and set in refrigerator till next day. Eaten with cream it is delicious.

KANSAS CITY BROWN BREAD.—The following recipe, which we have tried and found excellent, came from a Kansas City lady: Take one pint of light sponge, add a pint of milk, two level teaspoonfuls of soda, three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Mix with enough brown flour to make it as stiff as can be stirred with a spoon, but still too soft to work with the hands. Let it rise till twice its height in the pan; then bake in a quick oven. We have tried adding a dessertspoonful of lard, and think it an improvement.

BREAKFAST BERRY SHORTCAKE.—One quart sifted flour; two cups of sour or of buttermilk; one-half cup of sugar; yolk of one egg; one teaspoonful (each) of salt and soda sifted three times with the flour; one heaping tablespoonful (each) of lard and butter rubbed into the flour; one quart berries. Roll paste into a sheet half an inch thick, fit into a greased baking-pan, strew thickly with berries, then with sugar, and cover with another sheet of paste. Bake to a nice brown, cut into squares, butter, and eat hot with sugar. —The Cottage Kitchen.

A NEW WAY TO COOK RICE.—Put one ounce of butter into an iron kettle; when it is hot put in a small piece of onion; after the onion is lightly browned take it out; its only use is in flavoring. Put four tablespoonfuls of raw rice into the hot butter, and stir it till it is a pale straw color. Then add three cups of clear soup stock—chicken or veal soup is best. Cook very slowly till the rice is tender and the soup nearly or quite absorbed. Serve hot with grated cheese. This is a favorite dish at French and Italian restaurants in the large cities.

TOMATOES AU GRATIN.—One quart fine smooth tomatoes; one cup bread-crumbs; one small onion, minced fine; one teaspoonful white sugar; two tablespoonfuls butter, melted; cayenne and salt. Cut a piece from the top of each tomato. Scoop out the inside, leaving a hollow shell. Chop the pulp fine, mix with the crumbs, butter, sugar, pepper, salt and onion. Fill the cavities of the tomatoes with this stuffing, heaping and rounding each; scatter fine crumbs on the top, and arrange in a bake-dish. Set the dish covered in an oven, and bake half an hour before uncovering, after which brown lightly, and send to table on a hot platter.

STABLES.—Poorly-ventilated stables are hotbeds of disease.

MOCK DUCK.—Take a round steak; make stuffing as for turkey; spread the stuffing on the steak; roll it up and tie it; roast from half to three-quarters of an hour.

TAUGHT TO NIP.—Colts are frequently taught the trick of nipping with their teeth by their owners injudiciously playing with or teasing them. Once learned, the habit is cured with difficulty. Treat the horse very carefully, and whenever it attempts to bite whip it across the nose with a switch.

FRIGATELLI.—Chop raw fresh pork very fine, add a little salt, plenty of pepper, and two small onions, chopped fine; half as much bread as there is meat, soaked until soft; two eggs; mix well together, make into oblong patties, and fry like oysters. These are nice for breakfast; if used for luncheon, serve with sliced lemon.

ANNOYED BY FLIES.—Horses in pasture are often extremely annoyed by flies. If they can stand when not in use in dark, sweet stables, by all means turn them into the pasture only at night. Gnats and mosquitoes are of little annoyance to horses, but the day-flies and the Bot-fly set them almost crazy.

TOMATO TOAST.—Run a quart of stewed ripe tomato through a colander, place in a porcelain stewpan, season with butter, pepper and salt and sugar to taste; cut slices of bread thin, brown on both sides, butter and lay on a platter, and just as the bell rings for tea on Sunday add a pint of good sweet cream to the stewed tomatoes, and pour them over the toast.

HAY.—There is perhaps more hay injured by not being dried enough than by being dried too much. One extreme is as bad as the other. Clover, for instance, if allowed to become too dry in the sun, will lose all of its leaves and its blossoms, and the stalks that are left are of little value. On the other hand, if put in the mow too soon it will become burnt and equally worthless.

TO MAKE STEAK TENDER.—Put three tablespoonfuls of salad oil and one tablespoonful of vinegar, well mixed together, on a large flat dish, and on this lay the steak. Salt must not be put on the steak before it is cooked. The steak must lie on the tender-making mixture for at least half an hour to a side. The toughest steak will succumb to this and be perfectly tender when cooked.

FRAS AND OATS FOR FODDER.—When cut in blossom and well cured this mixed crop is worth more than clover hay. Out with the reaper if they have not lodged. Otherwise the best plan is to cut them with a scythe, not as grass is mown, but by drawing them toward the mower in bunches with the blade of the scythe, when the loose bunches may be left to dry until ready to haul to the barn.

ORANGED STRAWBERRIES.—Place a layer of strawberries in a deep dish; cover the same thickly with pulverized sugar; then a layer of berries, and so on until all are used. Pour over them orange juice in the proportion of three oranges to a quart of berries. Let stand for an hour, and just before serving sprinkle with powdered ice.

BLACK PUDDING.—An inexpensive black pudding is a good finish to the Monday dinner, as it can be steaming on the back part of the stove while the washing is going on. One cup of molasses, one cup of water, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one tablespoonful of soda, three cups of flour, one cup of currants and raisins mixed; spice to suit your taste. Steam for three hours, and serve hot, with maple syrup or sauce.

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The Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

News Items.

DOMESTIC.

Dr. Wayon, a Methodist medical missionary, has been made chief surgeon to the Chinese army.

General Grant was so emaciated by disease that his body, at death, weighed less than a hundred pounds.

A large cannery at Santa Rosa has shut down on account of inability to obtain a supply of cans. It has been employing 150 hands, mostly whites.

Cattle trains are run from Sprague, W. T., to St. Paul, Minn., 1,572 miles, in 107½ hours, and the business of shipping beets in that way is very profitable.

While sinking a surface well at Tacoma the other day, at a depth of 83 feet a flow of gas was struck so strong as to force the well diggers to suspend operations.

At a Chautauqua meeting in Ocean Grove the other day, Dr. Vincent stated that there are at present 820 Japanese young people studying in the Chautauqua course.

The University of Toronto has thrown open its doors to the ladies, and two girls, both of them colored, have entered. Others, both black and white, are expected to follow soon.

The merchants of San Bernardino have organized a mercantile protective association, and for mutual protection keep a black-list of all their customers who do not pay their bills.

A chime of bells has been secured for the Chautauqua Assembly grounds. The bells are ten in number, each the gift of a separate individual. They weigh 10,750 pounds and cost \$5,000.

There are 397 institutions in the world for the education of the deaf mutes. Germany has ninety of these, France sixty-seven, Great Britain forty-six, and the United States thirty-eight.

The British ship *Haddingtonshire*, from Astoria, Or., for Liverpool, loaded with salmon and flour, went ashore August 20th off Point Reyes, forty miles north of here, and eighteen lives were lost.

Dr. Sketcheley, Superintendent of the ostrich farm near Artesia, has purchased land on Baldwin's Santa Anita ranch for another ostrich farm, and will soon go to Africa for a fresh supply to stock it.

An earthquake shock at Tashend, Asiatic Russia, ruined several cities. In Belvodek a church was shaken to fragments while it was filled with worshippers, a large number of whom were killed.

The Northern Pacific railroad has made a reduction of 33 per cent. on fruit and vegetables in carload lots between Portland and Missouri river points. The new rate is \$1.25 per hundred. A reduction of 33 to 50 per cent. on lumber has also been made in Oregon and Washington Territory.

Lord Carnarvon, the new Viceroy of Ireland, is making a tour of the island.

The prime object of the Mexican Ministry is to establish the credit of the Government abroad.

In Paris, where the law of the Sabbath is disregarded, one in every eighteen of the population receives pauper relief.

Refugees fleeing from the cholera at Marseilles have introduced the disease into Sisteron and other villages in the Alpine provinces of France.

A portion of the Russian fleet will hereafter winter in the ports along the coast of Finland, because of the length of time that the harbor of Cronstadt is ice-bound.

There is intense excitement in Madrid over the seizure of the Caroline Islands by Germany, and King Alfonso fears that he will be deposed unless Germany recedes from her position.

TO PASTORS AND CHURCH CLERKS.—The English Congregational Year-Book gives the whole number of churches and branch churches in the British Empire as 5,172. The number of members is not reported, and this one general item is the only one affording any basis for additions and comparisons with the figures of our own Year-Book. The number of "church sittings," or "accommodations," is, however, reported in England. If a sufficient number of these could be obtained from our own churches to form the basis of an estimate of their probable average in comparison with their known membership, the result would have enough value to warrant the inquiry. To this end will the pastor, clerk, or some member of every Congregational church, to whom this paragraph comes, be kind enough to send a postal at once to Rev. Henry A. Hazen, Secretary of the National Council, Congregational House, Boston, Mass., reporting the name, location and number of sittings of his church? The value of the result will depend upon the number reporting. Small or large, country or city, West or East, will not all report immediately.

H. A. H.

In five years Iowa has gained 606,000 in population. We shall see whether the people are going to refuse to move to Iowa and raise their children because whiskey is not free, and "personal rights" to raise paupers is refused by the law. Prophecies of evil have been freely made from what are called its "sumptuary laws," but had effects are nowhere apparent. If the cause of temperance could be kept separate from the domain of party politics, and the people of all parties unite in protecting themselves and their children from the rule and ruin of the saloons, no one can doubt the result to the State.—*Inter-Ocean*.

Sabbath-School Work.

A Sabbath-school Convention was held August 16th and 17th in the First Congregational church, Redwood City. On Monday evening Rev. Dr. E. S. Chapman, State Superintendent of Institute Sabbath-school work, delivered a very interesting lecture on the "Jewish Tabernacle." Revs. A. L. Brewer, W. H. Pascoe and M. M. Gibson, D.D., assisted in the devotional exercises of the evening. At 9 A. M., Tuesday, devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. C. W. Hill of San Jose, after which Dr. Chapman conducted a Bible reading on the "Aid of the Holy Spirit." "The power of Christian Character in Sabbath-school Work," was the subject of an excellent address by Rev. E. B. Tuthill of San Mateo. Rev. Mr. Cross of Saratoga made some interesting remarks on "The Power of Christian Love in Sabbath-school Work." A well-prepared paper on "The Power of Prayer in Sabbath-school Work," was read by Rev. W. H. Pascoe. Before the adjournment Dr. Chapman announced the appointment of Revs. W. H. Pascoe, E. B. Tuthill and J. A. Calhoun as a committee to report on the advisability of organizing a San Mateo County Sabbath-school Association, and if the report should be favorable, to nominate officers for the organization. Devotional exercises at 2 P. M. were conducted by Dr. Chapman. "How to Prepare the Lesson" was opened by Rev. C. W. Hill in a concise and very instructive address. "How to Conduct Teachers' Meetings" was opened by Rev. Dr. M. M. Gibson. The Committee on Permanent Organization of a San Mateo County Sabbath-school Association presented a report recommending the organization of the county association with the following officers: President, Rev. J. E. Scott, Menlo Park; Vice-Presidents—Rev. W. H. Pascoe, Redwood City, Rev. L. Fellers, Halfmoon bay, and Rev. A. L. Brewer, San Mateo; Secretary and Treasurer, J. A. Calhoun, Redwood City. The report of the committee was accepted, and the officers therein named chosen as the officers of the new association. The organization was then declared perfected, and Rev. Mr. Scott was conducted to the chair. Rev. Dr. Chapman addressed the Association on "How to Conduct Reviews," and "How to Use the Black-board," and afterwards answered the questions propounded in the question box. At 7:30 Tuesday evening, owing to the unavoidable absence of President Scott, Rev. W. H. Pascoe, First Vice-President, presided. A half-hour praise service was held, conducted by Dr. Chapman. Dr. Gibson delivered an interesting address on "The Value of County Associations and Conventions," and was followed by Dr. Chapman with an instructive address on "The Value of Institutes and How to Secure Them?" After a few parting words from the ministerial brethren present, the Association closed by singing the doxology and with a benediction by Dr. Gibson.

The officers of the Association are divided among the evangelical denominations of the county. The President is a Presbyterian, the First Vice-President a Congregationalist, the Second Vice-President a Methodist, the third Vice-President an Episcopalian, the Secretary and Treasurer a United Presbyterian.—*Times and Gazette*.

San Francisco Industrial Statistics.

The report of Assessor Holtz for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1885, giving the statistics of the mechanical and manufacturing interests of San Francisco, has been prepared. It shows that there are employed in the various manufacturing establishments of this city 35,134 persons. No effort was made to segregate the men, women, girls and boys employed. The number of Chinese is not given. The total value of the manufactures is \$69,294,600. The most important manufactures are the following: Bages, 300 employees, value of product, \$1,500,000; boots and shoes, 3,500 hands, \$5,300,000; boxes, 350 hands, \$1,000,000; breweries, 450 hands, \$2,450,000; cigars, 8,000 hands, \$4,850,000; clothing, 1,900 hands, \$3,750,000; canned fruit, 2,000 hands, \$1,700,000; provision packing, 250 hands, \$1,900,000; rolling mills, 550 hands, \$1,880,000; sash, doors and blinds, 1,550 hands, \$5,010,000; shirts, 2,550 hands, \$1,000,000; soap, 190 hands, \$715,000; sugar, 360 hands, \$8,700,000; tanneries, 335 hands, \$1,700,000; woolen mills, 1,500 hands, \$1,900,000; flour and feed, 175 hands, \$2,230,000; furniture, 1,000 hands, \$2,000,000; harness, 440 hands, \$1,150,000. There are 105 white laundries, employing 995 hands, and 186 Chinese laundries, employing 1,300 hands, and its capital is given at \$12,000,000, but the value of its products is unknown. The fruit canners put up 750,000 dozen cans and 110,000 kegs of pickles, and the provision packers turn out 9,000 barrels of meat and 10,500 barrels of pork, besides 2,700,000 pounds of bacon and hams, 2,300,000 pounds of lard and 1,000,000 pounds of tallow. The four ship yards employ 200 men, and during the year built 35 steamers, barges, and other vessels, aggregating 6,100 tons and valued at \$503,000. The sugar refineries turned out 50,000,000 pounds of white sugar, 28,000,000 pounds of raw sugar and 450,000 gallons of syrup—the product of 80,000,000 pounds of raw sugar. The woolen mills produced 80,000 pairs of blankets, 6,000 dozens knit underwear, 25,000 dozens hosiery, 600,000 yards of tweed and 1,600,000 yards of flannel. The thirty-three breweries made 418,000 barrels of beer, using 832,000 pounds of hops and 28,000 tons of barley. The cigar manufacturers turned out 104,000,000 cigars and 15,000,000 cigarettes.

Ruskin's condition has considerably improved.

In Memoriam.

[A dear little boy, Fred Swan, who was accidentally killed Saturday evening, in his mother's absence, was buried Tuesday, followed by all his schoolmates, at Point Lobos, carrying floral emblems of their devotion from their building to the grave. Each pupil held bouquets for the little one's coffin, and sang, "Let the Dead and the Beautiful Rest," closing the ceremonies with this poem from his teacher:]

And is it true our little Fred—
Our precious little boy—is dead?
Oh, no! 'Tis but the casket, friends,
To which we cling, and that portends
Of future life. Just gone before,
Our angel, thro' heaven's open door;
Yes, he still lives; he is not dead—
Our singing, happy, winsome Fred,
Our pure, our bright, our beautiful,
The cherished and the dutiful.

For six years held he, strong and fast,
Our daily, hourly, loving clasp;
One thought of him, and that to bless,
While to our arms his form we press.
Dear baby hands, bright golden hair!
The garments that he used to wear,
His toys with which he oft did play,
And books—oh, put these things away!
He will not need them "Over There,"
Nor feel this grief our hearts must bear.

Tell me what compensates for years
Of patient mother-love and tears
Of anguish in the heart to-day?
What compensates? List! Angels say,
"Christ has rolled the rock away,"
And he still lives this burial day.

We hear repeated, "Dust to dust";
But faith looks up, brings peace, and must
Bring joy to sorrowing hearts to-day,
Who, "neath the rod, can humbly say,
"Thy will be done." Then bear to rest,
With folded hands upon the breast,
This darling one, supremely fair,
Like God's own flowers, rich and rare.

'Tis only through time
Our hearts must sever;
N'er to be parted
The great forever. S. C. B.

To the prophet on Horeb God was in the "still, small voice" rather than in wind, earthquake and fire, because that stillness mirrored and interpreted the power and glory behind them. The immense Force at the heart of things, which modern science indicates, perhaps Elijah had no just conception of; nor have we. Though our empyrean is higher, and our horizon is wider, than were his, he had a sense of the divine omnipotence that shook his being to the center; and we can scarcely get a profounder one. At all events, we ought so to apprehend the divine omnipotence as to receive every day salutary lessons, such as, the grandeur of the divine authority. A being who can give and maintain the best possible law has a right to rule. One who is always in the right, and has all power, has the most absolute and unlimited authority. Accordingly, God's authority can not be called in question. The duty of reverence—God as Force all men must admire; before the mystery of his being all must go full of wonder. But as God is beneficent force and voiceful mystery, it befits us all to walk softly before him, go reverent, and bow in his presence with worship and adoration. The futility of resistance—It is not safe to be in the path of the tornado. However stout his will, every man's cheek blanches amid the throes of a great earthquake. Who dares tamper with the lightning, or set at defiance the force of gravitation? Yet these are but ways in which God acts, indications of what he is; and if it be ruin to resist God's physical might, what must it be to oppose his will, and resist his awful word? The fact of human littleness—On the lofty crag of mountain, in the depths of earth-caves, in the midst of waters, in the recesses of forests, in the solitariness of prairies, who has not felt his loneliness, his littleness, his insignificance? But we are always just so helpless, just so puny, just so small, just so dependent, as we feel ourselves to be in these unwonted places; and therefore the exercise of humility ever becomes us. The fitness of submission—Resistance is not only useless, it is wrong and injurious. We must learn the relief, the good, of acquiescence in the divine will, and love, and adjustment, else we shall go mad with worry, fret and care. The side of gentleness—Amid all that is terrific, how gentle are the touches of nature on every side of us! So, amid God's grandeur, see his gentleness, patience, condescension and grace. The blessedness of being in covenant with God—We can do wonders if only we can get into harmony with nature, and get her forces to work for us. So, if we can come into fellowship and friendship with God, then all things are ours that can minister to our needs, or serve our ends. Somewhat like this was the way the preacher went.

Among the most delicate and affecting tributes paid to the memory of General Grant was the series of resolutions passed by a body of ex-Confederate officers and soldiers at an impromptu meeting in New York. Their memorial was as eloquent as it was appropriate. Happily do they say: "In overcoming our power in battle he was great, and by his magnanimity in victory he won the fortress beyond the reach of bayonet thrust or cannon ball—the noblest triumph."

The Benedictine Monks at Mount Angel, Or., have been running a distillery for some time, turning out spirits from apples that was 18 degrees above proof. Revenue Collector Whitaker has seized the outfit, but the monks claim that, being foreigners, they were ignorant that they were breaking the law.

Publishers' Department

Entered at the Postoffice at San Francisco as second-class matter.

Payment for THE PACIFIC, when sent by mail, should be made in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither of these can be procured, send the money in a registered letter to THE PACIFIC. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

THE PACIFIC will be sent free for one year to any person sending the names of three new subscribers, with the money.

Any old subscriber sending the name of one new subscriber, with \$2.50, can have his own paper another year for \$1.75.

The date against your name on the label of your paper shows to what time your subscription is paid.

The subscription Price of THE PACIFIC is \$2.50 in advance—which includes the payment of the postage by us.

The courts have decided that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible until arrears are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

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We will send THE PACIFIC one year (price \$2.50 a year) to any new subscriber, or to any old subscriber renewing in advance, with any of the following publications, for the price named in the second column. The price in the first column is that of the publication named alone. Each column includes prepaid postage. After the receipt of the first copy of any publication, complaints, if necessary, should be sent to the office where it is printed.

American Agriculturist.....\$1.50 \$3.50

Christian at Work.....3.00 5.00

Demorest's Monthly Magazine.....2.00 4.00

Godey's Lady's Book.....2.00 4.00

Harper's Weekly.....4.00 5.75

Magazine.....4.00 5.50

Scientific American.....3.20 5.00

The Century Magazine.....4.00 6.00

St. Nicholas.....3.00 5.00

Wide Awake.....2.50 4.50

The Independent.....3.00 5.00

North American Review.....5.00 6.35

Congregationalist.....3.00 5.10

Littell's Living Age.....8.00 9.50

Illustrated Christian Weekly.....2.50 5.00

Harper's Magazine for September will contain General Grant's "Reminiscences of General Grant." J. S. Billings, M. D., contributes an article of timely and vital interest on "Sewage Disposal in Cities." He shows with scientific accuracy and, at the same time, in a popular style, the relation of filth to disease, and his suggestions as to sanitary relief are well considered and practical. In many ways the most important contribution to the number is Charles Dudley Warner's "Impressions of the South." Mr. Warner finds that the feeling of nationality has nowhere developed so rapidly of late as at the South, and he is "convinced that this is a genuine development of attachment to the Union and of pride in the nation, and not in any way a political movement for unworthy purposes." This is the testimony of a literary man in no way associated in the public mind with the political contests of parties. It is very appropriately printed in this number, which appears within a week of the funeral of General Grant, over whose grave all sectional strife is forgotten.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE

City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of }
CYRUS PALMER,
An Insolvent Debtor.

Notice is hereby given to all the creditors of Cyrus Palmer, an insolvent debtor, who have proved their debts, that said Cyrus Palmer has filed in said Superior Court his petition for a discharge from all his debts and liabilities, and that, by an order of said Court, all said creditors are required to appear before said Court, at the court-room thereof, Department No. 10 (Special), in the New City Hall, in said city and county, on the 28th day of September, A. D. 1885, at the hour of 10 A. M., then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the said Cyrus Palmer should not be discharged from all his debts, in accordance with the statutes in such cases made and provided.

Attest my hand and the seal of said Court this 25th day of August, 1885.

[SEAL.] JAS. J. FLYNN, Clerk.

By Jno. H. Mott, Deputy Clerk.

I, the undersigned, do hereby certify that I am doing business in the City and County of San Francisco and State of California, under the firm name of J. Bamberger & Company; that the full name of all the individuals interested in this said business is Julius Bamberger; and that the place of residence is set opposite my name below.

In witness I have hereto set my hand this seventeenth day of August, A. D. 1885.

JULIUS BAMBERGER, 309 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

Duly acknowledged the 17th day of August, 1885, before Samuel S. Murley, Notary Public.

[Endorsed.] Filed August 18, 1885.

JAMES J. FLYNN, Clerk.

By Jno. H. Mott, Deputy Clerk.

The leading article in the *Overland* for September will be by Professor Josiah Royce of Harvard, dated of California, upon "The Sacramento Squatter Riot of 1850." Flora Haines Apponyi will furnish a personal sketch of the late Helen Hunt Jackson, and Ina D Coolbrith will contribute a poem. There will be an article from Hon. S. S. Cox, Minister to Turkey, on "The Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congresses." Dr. Henry DeGroot will furnish a graphic account of the ancient "Mining Camp of Yoa Bet." Captain Wright of the Confederate Army, and late Lecturer of the California State Grange, will describe "How the Blockade was Run."

To the many who are now erecting homes for themselves, and anticipating furnishing these homes, we would advise them to drop in occasionally at the warehouses of the California Furniture Company, 220 to 226 Bush street, and get an idea of what furniture, and all household goods, can be purchased for.

EDITORS PACIFIC: We will keep our advertisement running another month if one person sends an order during the month, and mentions your paper.

Send us your Cash Order, 115 Clay street.

[Will our readers take notice, and help themselves and us?]

Few persons possess the ability to furnish up a house artistically, and so much depends on this, all those persons should go to the leading first-class Furniture establishment of this city. The California Furniture Company, 220 to 226 Bush street, is an authority in these matters.

Perkins & Wilson, whose dry goods store advertisement is in another column, are our sort of people. We recommend our friends to trade with them, as we have long done with great satisfaction.

ROOMS.—Persons desiring to rent desirable rooms in the best parts of San Francisco by the day, week or month, with or without board, at low rates, please call at office, or send to, THE PACIFIC.

"BEAUTIFUL CRAFTON."

This celebrated health retreat is near the base of San Bernardino mountain, 2,300 feet above sea level, an altitude most desirable for invalids. Terms are reasonable, table good; always plenty of milk and cream. Address M. H. Crafts, Lugonia P. O., Cal. if

Many bodily ills result from habitual constipation, and a fine constitution may be broken and ruined by simple neglect. There is no medicine equal to Ayer's Pills to correct the evil, and restore the organs to natural, healthy and regular action.

"Where shall I buy a good hat?" "At Herrmann's, 336 Kearny street," is our ready reply. We wear his hats, and so do very many of our friends, and are satisfied. He has recently doubled the size of his store, which shows deserved prosperity.

We recommend the house Carroll & Tilton, 873 Market street, whose advertisement is in another column, to our friends for clothing, etc. We have bought of them with entire satisfaction. Their prices are very reasonable.

PRICES CURRENT.

SILVER—Bar Silver, per ounce, 1,000 fine, \$1.05½; Sterling bills on London, 60 days, \$4 85 to 487.

COMMERCIAL.

FRUITS—Best brands of City Extra, \$4.25 to 5.00; Superfine, \$3.00 to 4.00.

WHEAT—\$1.30 to 1.40 per ct.

BARLEY—Feed, \$1.25 to 1.30.

OATS—No. 1, \$1.22½ to 1.27½.

FEED—Bran, \$15.00 @ 16.00; ground barley, \$28.00 to 29.00; middlings, \$21.00 to \$22.00.

POZARONA—35c to 60c per cwt.

FACTORY—Lemons, \$1.00 to 1.50 per box for California; Bananas, 1.00 to \$1.75 per bunch; Apples, 30c to 65c per box; Oranges, Australian \$5.00 per box; Strawberries, \$2.00 to 5.00 per chest; Peaches, 50c to 75c per box; Figs, 25c to 50c per box; Grapes, 25c to 75c per box.

VEGETABLES—Cabbage, 75c per ct.; Marrowfat Squash, \$2.50 to 3 per ton; Green Peas, 3½ to 4c per lb; Tomatoes, 15c to 25c per box.

HAY—\$9.00 to 14.00 for all grades. Straw, 45c to 55c per bale.

BUTTER—Choice, Cal. 26c to 30c.

CHEESE—Cal. 8 to 10c choice.

EGGS—25 to 32½c per doz for Cal.

BEER—6½ to 7 first quality; 4½ to 5c for third.

LAMB—6 to 7c per lb.

MUTTON—Wethers, 4½ to 5; Ewes, 4 to 4½.

PORK—Live hogs, 3 to 3½c for hard grain hogs on foot; dressed do, 5 to 5½c for city.

LARD—Sides—Sheep skins—Sheepskins, 10 to 25c; Short Wool, 35 to 60c; Medium, 60 to 75c; Long Wool, 90c.

TEST YOUR BAKING POWDER TO-DAY!

Brands advertised as absolutely pure CONTAIN AMMONIA.

THE TEST: Place a can top down on a hot stove until heated, then remove the cover and smell. A chemist will not be required to detect the presence of ammonia.

DR. PRICE'S BAKING POWDER

ITS HEALTHFULNESS HAS NEVER BEEN QUESTIONED.

In a million homes for a quarter of a century it has stood the consumers' reliable test.

THE TEST OF THE OVEN.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.,

Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts,

The strongest, most delicious and natural flavor known, and

Dr. Price's Lupulin Yeast Gums

For Light, Healthy Bread, The Best Dry Hop Yeast in the World.

FOR SALE BY CROCCERS.

CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

FOR SALE BY

John F. Cutting & Co., Agents

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DR. PRICE'S SPECIAL FLAVORING EXTRACTS

MOST PERFECT MADE

Pure and strong Natural Fruit Flavors,

Vanilla, Lemon, Orange, Almond, Rose, etc.,

flavor as delicately and naturally as the fruit.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.,

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